

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1887.

NO. 1.

THE RED FLOWER OF THE MADMAN.

BY M. GARSHINE.

"IN the name of his majesty, the Czar, Peter the First, I order an immediate inspection of this asylum for the insane!"

These words were uttered in a shrill, sharp voice. The secretary of the establishment seated before a table stained with blotches of ink, and about to inscribe in an enormous register the name, age, etc., of the new patient, could not restrain a smile. As to the two young men that accompanied the madman, they did not feel much like laughing; they were hardly in a condition to keep on their legs, owing to the two nights they had passed on the railroad with the patient. At the station before the last, he had had a furious attack, and they had been obliged to procure in all haste a straight waistcoat in the city, and to force him into it with the assistance of the gendarmes and several employes of the road. In this manner they had brought him to the asylum.

His appearance was repulsive. A blouse of coarse cloth, widely open at the breast, covered his gray suit, which he had torn into shreds during his late outburst of frenzy. The long sleeves drew his arms across in front and were tied behind his back in a large knot. His red, inflamed eyes (he had not slept for ten days) glared with a fixed and haggard look; his lower lip writhed, jerked by a nervous spasm, and his curling hair hung in disorder over his forehead. He strode up and down the office with rapid steps, making the pavement resound loudly under his boots, casting defiant looks around him—on the boxes stuffed with dusty papers,

on the furniture covered with waxed cloth, and on his companions.

"Lead him into the apartment to the right!"

"I know, I know! I was here before, last year. We passed in review the entire establishment. I know all; it will be difficult to conceal anything from me, no matter what," said the patient.

He turned towards the door. The guardian opened it for him. With the same automatic step, firm and resounding, and holding high his uneasy head, he left the office and walked rapidly to the right where the cells reserved for the insane were placed. His companions found it hard to keep up with him.

"Ring the bell!"

"I can't. You have tied my hands."

The attendant opened the door. They entered the mad-house.

It was an old building in massive stone and antiquated style. There were two immense halls. The dining room and a room common to the quiet patients, a wide vestibule with a glass door, leading into a flower garden; then about twenty separate cells, where ordinary patients were kept, formed the ground floor. Besides these, there were two other gloomy apartments, the one padded and lined with thick cushions, and the other wainscoted over the entire wall where the patients were carried during their mad fits, and finally a vast room built with a cupola, and the bath-room, with several huge bathing tanks. The upper story

was for women. A fearful noise of howls and cries could be heard.

The house had been arranged for eighty patients, but as the surrounding districts had no institution of this kind, there were at present three hundred packed within its walls. In each of the narrow cells were four or five beds. In winter when the patients could not go into the garden, and when the barred windows were hermetically closed, the air in the asylum was pestiferous and insufferably heavy.

The new patient was introduced into the bath-room. This apartment could not fail to make a painful impression on a man of sound mind; how much more painfully must it impress a diseased and irritable imagination. It was large and paved, with the ceiling in the form of a cupola, and lighted only on one side by a small window. The walls and arches were painted dark red.

In the dirty gray soil two enormous basins were hollowed out. They looked like two graves of an oval form. A big copper furnace with cylindrical reservoir and a complete system of pipes for douching, occupied a space opposite the window. Every thing in this room had a strange, lugubrious aspect, as though contrived to produce a vivid impression on a sick brain. The attendant at the baths, a coarse and powerful Sokal, who never spoke a word, added not a little with his sinister face to the horror of the apartment.

When they had led the madman into his chamber to bathe him, and (following the sanitary method of the head physician) to apply a huge blister plaster to the back of his neck, the patient was seized with horror and fell into a terrible rage. Mad fancies, each one more horrible than the other, hurtled and clashed in his brain. His hair stood erect; he was bathed in cold sweat.

What was this? A chamber of torture? A place of execution where his enemies wished to get rid of him? Perhaps even—hell! And if it was hell! Then the idea shot through his brain that he was going to be questioned as in the Middle Ages.

They undressed him in spite of his desperate resistance. With a strength rendered triply great by his malady, he tore himself loose from the attendants and overturned them. At last he was thrown to the ground

by four strong men, seized hand and foot, and lowered into the basin filled with hot water.

The water seemed to him boiling, and his poor sick brain engendered the insane thought that he was being subjected to the torture of fire and water. The warm water entered his mouth. He stiffened himself and dealt blows and kicks about him, although held by the attendants. And in the midst of howlings interrupted by endless lamentation, prayers burst from his lips at one moment, and at the other, blasphemies. He shouted until he could speak no more, and ended by moaning pitifully with great burning tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Great and holy St. Gregory, into thy hands I commit my body. As to my spirit—no—oh, no!"

The keepers did not let go of him, although, thanks to the warm bath and the bladder full of ice that they had placed on his head, he had become a little calmer. However, when they had taken him out of the bath, and seated him on a stool in order to apply the big blister to the back of his neck, a remnant of his vigor re-appeared and the mad fancies took possession of him with renewed force.

"Why? Why?" he howled. "I don't want to do harm to any one. Why do you torture me? Oh! oh! oh! God! You martyrs that have gone before me, deliver me!"

The burning of the plaster carried his madness to its climax. He beat the air anew with his feet and hands. The attendants could not master him. They stood there disheartened.

"There is nothing to do," said the attendant that directed the operation. All must be destroyed."

The patient started at these words. He was frightened. A trembling seized him.

"Destroyed? Destroy what? Me," he thought.

Frightened to death, horrified, he closed his eyes. The attendant took a coarse napkin at both ends and rubbed him with it rapidly, pressing hard on the back of his neck, and tearing the plaster off with the skin. It stuck to it so well that a large and bleeding wound was formed.

The pain that the patient suffered, and that would have exasperated a healthy man,

seemed to the miserable madman unspeakable. With a desperate wrench of his back he escaped from the hands of the nurses, and threw himself on the stone pavement. Then he imagined they had beheaded him. He wished to cry and groan, but he could not. The keepers laid him on a litter and bore him away. He fell into a deep sleep, a sleep so long and heavy that it was like death.

II.

WHEN he awoke it was night. All was quiet. In the neighboring chamber the deep respiration of the slumbering patients could be heard, and farther away, a madman that had been locked up in a dark cell talked loudly with himself in a monotonous tone, his voice pitched to a strange key. In the upper story where the female department was, a contralto voice was singing an obscene song. He held his breath and listened. He felt weary; it seemed to him all his limbs were broken, and he had such an agonizing pain at the back of his neck.

"Where am I? What has happened to me?" he thought.

Suddenly his mind became clear. He recalled distinctly every thing that had happened to him during the last year of his life. All, even to the minutest detail, came back to him. He knew that he was ill at that very moment, and he understood the nature of his disease. A procession of fantastic ideas, of insane words and actions defiled through his mind. He recalled every thing, and a horrible chill shook him from head to foot.

"Well, it is finished at last," he murmured. "God be praised!"

And he fell asleep again.

The open window, guarded with iron bars, opened into a narrow and tortuous way that extended between the great buildings and a stone wall. This path was unused. It was invaded by a wilderness of wild bushes, among which an enormous thicket of lilacs stood in bloom at this moment. Behind the bushes, just in front of the window, rose a high, dark wall, over which the trees of the garden stretched their branches, lit up by the pale moonbeams.

To the right, a wing of the asylum could be seen, quite white in the shade, with its grated windows behind which shone a light. To the left could be perceived the dim walls

of the dead house silvered with soft radiance. The moonbeams passing through the bars of the window shone dazlingly upon the large stone flags of the floor, and bathed in a sparkling haze a part of the bed and the livid face and closed eyelids of the patient.

At this hour nothing in his appearance betrayed the madman. He was sleeping the profound and tranquil sleep of a martyr, without a dream, without the least movement, almost without breath.

He woke at moments with a perfectly sane and lucid mind. Then in the morning, when he re-opened his eyes, he was mad.

III.

"How do you feel?" the doctor asked him the next day.

The sick man had just awakened. He was still resting under the bed cover.

"Very well," he answered, rising.

He slipped his feet into his slippers, and took his dressing gown.

"Perfectly well. Only one thing—here."

He touched the back of his neck.

"I can't move my neck without pain. But that is a trifle. Every thing is all right when one understands, and I understand."

"Do you know where you are?"

"I'm in a mad-house. But when you can reason about such things, you feel perfectly indifferent, perfectly indifferent!"

The doctor gave his eyes close attention. His handsome rosy face fringed with a carefully-kept beard, and its two gentle, blue eyes shining behind gold-rimmed spectacles, was absolutely calm. He examined his patient.

"Why do you look at me like that? You cannot read my soul," continued the sick man, "while I can read yours clearly. Why do you do evil? Why have you imprisoned these unfortunate creatures here, and refuse to give them their liberty! To what purpose are all these torments? A man possessed by a grand idea, an idea inspired by genius—ah, well! such a man is entirely indifferent to the surroundings in which he lives, and to what he experiences—even to the sensation of being and of not being. Is it not so?"

"It is possible," answered the physician, establishing himself on a chair in a corner in order better to observe the sick man, who was walking up and down the cell so fast

that his calfskin slippers, a size or two too large, flapped with a clatter on the pavement, and the skirts of his dressing gown with its red stripes and clusters of big flowers blew to right and left. The surgeon and the nurse, who accompanied the doctor, remained at the door immovable and as straight as ram-rods.

"My soul, my soul, has been possessed by an inspired idea too!" cried the patient. "And from the moment that I became aware of it, I have felt like one born anew. The sensitiveness of my nerves has become so acute, my brain works more than ever. Formerly I used to arrive at a knowledge of things by syllogisms and hypotheses; now, it is simply by intuition. And really, I have attained to that at which philosophy aims, that which it has striven after so long. I have come to comprehend this grand thought—that space and time are merely figments. I live in eternity. I live without space—everywhere and nowhere, which ever you please. Therefore it is indifferent to me whether you detain me here, or give me my liberty, whether I am free or imprisoned. But I am not alone in this house. Many people share my lot. For them, such a state of things is horrible. Why do you not give them their liberty? What good does this do any one?"

"You said," interrupted the physician, "that you lived outside of time and space. You will agree, however, that at the moment we are in this room, that it is—" here the doctor drew his watch—"that it is half-past ten and the 6th of May, 18—. What do you say to that?"

"Nothing. When or where I live is indifferent to me. That is to say, I am eternal and everywhere."

The doctor smiled.

"Droll logic," said he, rising. "Still, you are right. Good-bye. Would you like a cigar?"

"With pleasure, thanks."

He stopped, took the cigar, and bit off the end of it nervously.

"That requires reflection and much reflection," he said. This is the world, the microcosm. One extremity encloses the bases, and the other the acids. This is also the pivotal point of the universe where the most opposite principles neutralize each other. Good-bye, doctor."

The physician withdrew. The patients stood at the end of their beds and waited for him. No superior enjoys so high an esteem and respect as the psychologist in the presence of his patients.

As to our patient, he continued walking up and down his chamber. They brought him tea. He swallowed standing, at two draughts, the contents of a big cup, and a large piece of white bread in a few mouthfuls. Thereupon he left the cell, and for several hours without an instant's pause kept running through the entire house.

The day was rainy. The patients did not go into the garden. When the surgeon sought his patient he was pointed out to him at the end of the corridor. He was standing before the door leading to the garden, his face pressed against the glass, and he was looking fixedly at a patch of green. His attention was wholly concentrated on a flower of a strange burning red color, a kind of wild poppy.

"You are going to be weighed," said the surgeon.

The madman turned round. His questioner started violently, and recoiled with fear, so terrible were the madman's eyes with hatred, so sparkling with savage rage. But when he noticed the surgeon, his expression changed suddenly. He followed him quite docilely, without a word of revolt, and as though absorbed in a reverie.

They entered the doctor's cabinet, where the patient placed himself upon the platform. He was weighed, and the surgeon inscribed in the register, "one hundred and nine pounds." The next day his weight was one hundred and seven, the day after, one hundred and six.

"If this continues, he won't last long," said the doctor.

He prescribed for him the strongest kind of nourishment. But in spite of that, and although the sick man had an excellent appetite, he grew thinner every day. He did not sleep any more, and was morning and evening in a state of feverish delirium.

IV.

HE knew that he was in an insane asylum. He knew that he was mad. Sometimes, after a feverish day, he would wake during the night with weary limbs and a horrible headache, but entirely rational. Perhaps it

was the lack of impressions during the darkness and nocturnal silence; perhaps it was the too great feebleness of his brain, the absence of the restless creatures by whom he was surrounded, that occasioned such moments during which he comprehended his condition and became lucid.

But the morning would come, and from the dawn when the house was again in commotion, the strange and weird sensations crowded upon him. His diseased brain did not have the power to master them, and madness resumed its sway. His case presented a curious mixture of rational and insane ideas. He knew that he was in the midst of madmen. All the time while knowing it, he saw in each one of them a being—some one who was in hiding or who had been kidnapped, some one whom he had known formerly, whose name he had read, or heard spoken. The establishment seemed to him filled with people of all times and all countries. There were there, the living and the dead. There, were to be met with illustrious personages, celebrities, soldiers fallen in the last war, people that had been hanged and resuscitated. He believed himself in an enchanted circle, a mysterious place, that contained in itself alone the power of the entire universe; and he himself (very proud of it) imagined that he was the center of this circle.

All his companions in misfortune had combined for the accomplishment of a great work, of a thing that he considered an important and inspired undertaking—the annihilation forever of evil on the earth. He did not know in what this undertaking consisted, but he felt in himself a tremendous force to accomplish it. He could read the thoughts of others. When he looked at objects he knew their history. The great elms in the garden related to him the events of former times. He took the hospital, which, it is true, dated many years back, for a construction of Peter the Great, and he was sure the Czar had inhabited it at the time of the battle of Pultawa. He read all this on the wall, on the stucco falling in dust, on the fragments of brick, on the stones in the garden. The history of the establishment was engraved from one end to the other on these scattered objects.

He peopled the little house that served as a morgue with hundreds of dead men, dead

for many years, and scrutinized the narrow skylight of the vault in a corner of the garden with unwearied attention. He saw in the vague light projected through the dust-stained windows, well-known faces of men he had seen or the pictures of whom he had contemplated.

However, fine weather with its genial warmth returned. The patients passed the whole day in the open air. The little umbrageous place that was their favorite haunt was literally covered with flowers. All that were able worked under the surveillance of a guardian. They weeded the walks from morning till evening, and carpeted them with fine sand, spaded the beds, and watered the plants, cucumbers, and melons that they had sown themselves.

One corner of the garden was all in leaf with cherry trees. Here began an avenue lined with elms. The middle forming an artificial mound, was adorned with an immense bed of beautiful flowers of brilliant and varied colors, over which towered a cluster of rare tulips, a gorgeous flower of a golden yellow color flecked with red flame.

The tulips formed the center of the garden, and many of the patients attributed to them a peculiar and mysterious significance.

The walks were lined with pretty shrubs and plants. There all the flowers that are to be found in Little Russia teemed: tall and brilliant geraniums, bright petunias with delicate petals, big tobacco plants with pale leaves, and little pink flowers, curled mint, amaranths, cresses, and poppies. Not far from the stairway three wild poppy plants of a curious species, grew. Their flowers were very small, and were distinguished by their fire-red color and extremely vivid lustre. They looked like tufts of glowing embers. These were the flowers that our patient observed from the first day of his arrival at the asylum when he looked into the garden through the glass door.

When he entered the garden for the first time, he contemplated for a long time before descending the stairs, the wild poppies with their dazzling red petals. There were only two flowers, separated by a considerable space. The place not having yet been weeded, had been invaded by a thick covering of wild grass and by a swarm of white fringed daisies.

The patients passed through the door, one

by one, near which one of the keepers stood, who handed to each of them a knit cotton cap, white and pointed at the top, with a red cross in front. The madman immediately attributed a peculiar and mystic significance to the red cross. He took it off, looked at the cross that adorned it. Then he gazed at the poppy; its flowers were of a much more vivid scarlet.

"That is what bears it," he murmured, "only for us two."

And he descended the stairs. He walked through the grounds without having been noticed by the keeper standing behind him, and stretched his hand towards the flower. Yet, he couldn't make up his mind to pluck it.

All at once he felt in his extended hand, painful, burning prickings that spread from his arms through his entire body. A magnetic fluid of unheard-of power emanated from that red flower and invaded his whole organism. He stooped lower; his fingers almost touched the flower. But it defended itself, it resisted, vomiting, as it seemed to him, blasts of fetid odor charged with poison. He turned his head aside, and made a last effort to seize it. Already he held the stem pressed between his fingers, when a heavy hand came down upon his shoulder. It was the hand of the keeper.

"Mustn't pluck it!" said the old Sokal, "and you mustn't walk in the flower beds. For if there were many of you madmen who had that fancy, it wouldn't be long before every flower in the garden would be gone."

He added the last sentence in a persuasive voice, without taking his hand from the patient's shoulder.

The sick man looked in his face, freed himself from his hold without a word, and began to walk up and down the garden in great agitation.

"O you unfortunates!" he thought. "You see nothing. You are so blind that you defend it. But, at all costs, I shall reach it! If it is not to-day, it will be to-morrow. We shall measure our strength with one another. And even if I must die for it—well! what matter?"

He walked in the garden until evening, making many acquaintances and pronouncing strange discourses, which were taken by those with whom he spoke as answers to their own lucubrations—these lucubrations in turn being considered by our madman as

mysterious revelations of the highest importance. The sick man walked now with one, now with another of his companions in misfortune, and when evening came he had reached the perfect conviction that "all was ready," as he repeated to himself in a low voice. Soon, yes, soon the iron bars would fall in fragments, the prisoners would quit the place to spread themselves over all the countries of the world. The earth would tremble, would be despoiled of her ancient garment to be re-clothed resplendently in new and youthful beauty.

He had hardly thought any more of the flower; but when he was preparing to mount the stairs, he perceived on the sward, heavy with large pearls of dew, two burning embers of a vivid red. Then he remained in the rear, letting all the other patients pass before him, hiding behind the keeper and watching a favorite opportunity. No one saw him cross the flower bed, pluck the flower, and hide it in his bosom under his shirt. When its moist and cool petals touched his skin a mortal pallor covered his face and he opened his eyes, all big with horror, while an icy perspiration beaded his forehead.

They were lighting the lamps in the asylum. The patients for the most part, stretched themselves on their beds waiting for supper, while a few uneasy madmen walked feverishly through the corridors and halls. Our patient with his flower was among the last. He crossed his two hands convulsively on his breast. He seemed to wish to smother that flower and to crush it. When he met one of his comrades he sprang from him with a bound, fearing to touch him with his garments.

"Don't come near me! Don't come near me!" he cried.

But it was in an insane asylum where words like these are considered of no importance. He walked more and more rapidly with automatic steps. He walked one hour, two hours, lost in a somber fury.

"I shall destroy you! I shall smother you!" said he in a hoarse voice and with mad gesticulations.

From time to time he ground his teeth terribly.

Supper had been served in the dining hall. On the great bare tables were arranged big bowls of yellow wood with red figures traced

on them, filled with thin vegetable soup. The patients took their places on the benches and received each a round loaf of coarse bread. About eight ate from the same bowl, from which they helped themselves with wooden spoons. Those for whom more nourishing food had been ordered, ate apart. Our madman, who had swallowed quickly the portion brought to him in his cell by the keeper, had descended, still ravenous, into the common hall. He tramped about, here and there, apparently much discontented.

"Will you permit me to take a seat here?" he asked the inspector.

"Haven't you had your supper yet?" this official asked, busily engaged filling fresh bowls with lentils.

"The fact is, I am literally dying of hunger. I need a great deal of nourishment. That is the only thing that sustains me. You know I cannot sleep, even for a minute."

"Eat, my friend, and much good may it do you. Taras, bring him a bowl and some bread."

He seated himself near one of the dishes and swallowed a great quantity of soup.

"Enough, now, enough," said the inspector at last, when all the patients had quitted the table, and our madman remained alone, still helping himself eagerly out of the bowl, holding the spoon with one hand and the other pressed convulsively against his breast. "You are going to make yourself sick."

"Ah, if you knew how much strength I need, and what strength? Good-bye, Nicolas Nicolaïewitch," said the unfortunate, rising from his seat and pressing the hand of the inspector. "Good-bye!"

"Where are you going, pray?" asked the inspector, smiling.

"I? Nowhere. I shall stay here. It is possible, however, that we may not see each other to-morrow. I thank you for the great kindness you have shown me."

He pressed the hand of the inspector a second time forcibly. His voice trembled and big tears stood in his eyes.

"Calm yourself, my dear friend. Do not disquiet yourself," replied the inspector.

"What good do all these sad repinings do? Go to bed and have a good sleep. You ought to sleep more. If you sleep you will soon be cured."

The poor wretch began to sob. The inspector turned round and ordered the table to be cleared. A half hour later all were asleep in the house except one, who lay stretched on his bed with his clothes on. He trembled as though in the grip of a fierce fever, with his hand pressed strongly to his breast, where he seemed to feel the embrace of poisoned flames running in fiery undulations.

V.

ALL that night he did not close an eye.

He had plucked the flower, believing to have performed thereby a heroic action, which was imposed upon him, and which he wanted to accomplish regardless of consequences. At the first glance he had cast through the glass door, his attention had fixed itself on this red flower, and from that moment he had comprehended what was his mission.

In this red flower with incandescent petals were concentrated the evil, the sins of the whole world. He knew that poppies are used in the making of opium. Perhaps it was this thought, distorted by a morbid imagination, that took on monstrous forms and developed in him fantastic ideas of an exquisitely acute morbidness.

In his eyes, this flower was the incarnation of evil on the earth. It was steeped in blood, in all the blood shed wrongfully in the world! Gorged with the blood, the gall and the tears of humanity, it stood triumphant. This flower was a terrible and mysterious being, the adversary of God, Arimanes, who had clothed himself in a form of innocent and modest seeming. The flower had to be plucked and bruised to powder.

But that was not all. It was necessary when it died to prevent it from exhaling among men its last poisonous breath. Therefore he had buried it in his bosom. He hoped, if he kept it there until morning, it would have lost its destructive power. Evil sin would enter his bosom and would filter into his soul, and in this manner would be vanquished. As for himself, he would be lost, but would die in a heroic struggle. He would be humanity's noblest martyr, because until now there had been no one found to dare the combat, body to body, with the personification of evil, that bad genius whose power was so great.

"They did not notice. I have seen that.

Ought I to let it live? No. It must be destroyed, annihilated forever."

He writhed, extended on his couch, bathed with sweat, his hair erect with fright, his strength growing less little by little. In the morning the surgeon found him nearly dead. In spite of his weakness the patient arose, sprang down from his bed, and ran through the whole house in great agitation, holding with his companions conversations more incoherent than ever. He spoke with himself also, in a vibrating voice, gesticulating wildly. He was not permitted to go into the garden, and the surgeon on weighing him found his weight diminished by several pounds. He ordered strong injections of morphine to be administered. The madman made no opposition. At this moment he had happily a short interval of lucidity, which was favorable to the operation. He soon dropped asleep; his nervous gesticulation ceased, and the perpetual buzzing in his ears, which had occasioned his jerking and noisy step, and which he tried to escape in his feverish journeyings too and fro, completely disappeared. He became oblivious of all things, and dreamed of nothing, not even of the second flower, the task of plucking which he had imposed upon himself.

At the end of three days, however, he succeeded in tearing it from its stem, and that under the very eyes of the keeper, who did not have time to prevent him. The keeper pursued him into the corridor. The madman ran to his chamber, uttering a loud cry of victory.

He had hidden the flower in his bosom, and pressed it passionately against his heart.

"Who permitted you to pluck flowers?" cried the keeper, when he caught up with him.

But the sick man, stretched on his bed with arms folded, answered with a flood of words so incoherent that he contented himself with removing from the patient's head the cap with the red cross, which he had forgotten to take off in his flight. Then an attack of furious madness broke out. The patient felt the flower disgorging torrents of poison, which became solidified and took the form of venomous serpents. These serpents entwined him, covered him with sharp bites, imprisoned his limbs in their steely coils, spewed over his whole body a burning and foul saliva, whose corrosive action wounded

him cruelly. He wept in a loud voice. He called upon God to help him, and cursed his enemies.

Towards evening the flower was withered. The madman crushed the blackened plant under his heel, stamped on it, and collecting its smallest particles, carried them to the bath-room. Here he threw them in the glowing furnace on the embers. And looking at his enemy writhing and hissing in the flames, he saw it curl up and transform itself into a tiny flake of snowy whiteness. He blew upon it, and every trace of it disappeared. Then he drew a long breath.

The following day his condition had become much worse. Pale as a sheet, with cheeks fallen in, his eyes fixed and burning in their inflamed orbits, he dragged himself from morning till evening through all the rooms, without rest, staggering and faltering at each step, a mad race accompanied by feverish discourse and haggard gesticulation.

"I am afraid to use violence with him," said the head physician to his assistants.

"However, it is in the highest degree necessary. He weighed only ninety-three pounds to-day. If this continues he will be dead before forty-eight hours."

The head physician reflected a moment. "Morphine? Chloral?" he murmured undecided.

"Yesterday the morphine injections produced no effect."

"Well, have him bound, though, I doubt if we shall be able to save him."

And the sick man was bound. He was put in a straight waistcoat and laid on his bed, to which he was tied by means of broad canvas bands. But the furious madness persisted. It increased in violence. He was dreadful to look at, his face a livid blue, and jaws firmly knit together. During several hours he continued the most unheard-of exertions to break his bonds.

Finally, stiffening himself in a supreme convulsive effort he succeeded in rending some strips of canvas and freeing his feet. Then he slipped from under the other strips that were crossed over the bed, and went up and down his cell with tied hands, walking with long steps, and declaiming an incoherent discourse interrupted with savage growls.

"What the devil!" cried the keeper on

opening the door. "What demon has come to your assistance? Grizko! Ivan! Come quick, the patient has broken loose."

The three threw themselves upon him, and a terrible struggle took place, a struggle that exhausted the keepers and robbed the patient of his last remaining strength. Finally, they got him on the bed, and tied him more securely than before, doubling the number of canvas bands that held him.

"You do not know what you are doing," cried the patient in a strangled voice. "You are consummating your own perdition! I have seen a third one of them. It is just half open. It will soon be in full blossom! Let me finish my work! I must kill it! Kill it! Kill it! Then all will be finished, all will be saved. I would send you for it, but I alone am to accomplish the task. If one of you were so rash as to touch it you would fall blasted by lightning!"

"Silence," said the keeper.

The assistants withdrew. He remained near to watch him. The sick man became suddenly silent. He had decided to make use of a ruse. He remained tied the whole day, and when night came he was kept in the same condition. The nurse gave him his supper himself; then he prepared a bed on the floor near the patient, and lay down. In a few moments he fell asleep.

Then the madman set to work silently. He twisted and stiffened his body, forcing it to bring his hand enveloped in the long sleeve of the straight waistcoat in contact with a rough iron bar that extended along the middle of the bed. He succeeded in rubbing forcibly and rapidly this sleeve against the rugosities of the iron. After some time the coarse canvas cloth yielded, and he was enabled to pass out his index finger. From that time the work went on more rapidly. With wonderful cunning and dexterity he untied the knot that held the sleeves together. Then he held his breath for an instant, and listened to the snoring of the nurse. The old man was sleeping profoundly. The patient took off the straight waistcoat and unknotted the straps that bound him to his bed. He was free. He tried to open the door, but he found it locked inside. The key was probably in the keeper's pocket. The madman was afraid to awaken him if he touched him. He decided to go out by the window.

The night was still and dark. The air was warm and balmy. When he opened the window, myriads of stars were shining. He raised his eyes to heaven and looked at the glittering constellations, and rejoiced that they seemed to comprehend him and approve of him with their soft lustre. He beheld with blinking eyes the rays they sent down to him, and felt strong in his determination.

Now what he had to do was to separate the iron bars of the grating by bending them, to slip through the narrow opening to the lane beneath, and to climb the high wall in front of the window. There a final struggle awaited him, and then—and then—Or, perhaps it would be his to encounter death!

He tried to bend the thick bars with his two hands, but the iron did not yield. He then twisted the coarse sleeves of the straight waistcoat into a kind of a rope, attached it to a bar and suspended himself by it heavily, with all his force. After several fruitless efforts in which he employed a strength much more than that of ordinary men, he succeeded in bending one of the branches of the grating. Then he slipped softly through the narrow aperture, first his shoulders, his elbows, and his knees, and crept along the lane and through the bushes as far as the wall. Here he stopped. All was quiet. The light of the night lamps illuminated the windows from the interior of the asylum. He saw no one. No one noticed him. Without doubt the old keeper was still sleeping profoundly at the foot of his bed. The stars were shining brightly; their pale beams inundated his heart with a sweet joy.

"I come," he murmured, looking up at the sky.

His first attempt at climbing the wall failed; he fell to the ground. With torn nails and hands and knees bleeding, he sought a more favorable place. There where the wall ran along the morgue several bricks had fallen and the mortar was gone. The madman profited by these breaks in the smooth surface. He clung to them, scrambling up the wall, and succeeded in seizing hold of the bough of an elm tree planted in the garden. He lifted himself into the air by this, and let himself glide softly to the ground.

He ran towards the stone stairway. The flower, of a somber color in the night, held

erect its half-open calyx in the midst of the fresh, dew-covered sward.

"The last!" he murmured. "The last! It is now victory or death! But that is indifferent to me. Wait," said he, with eyes raised ecstatically to the sky, "I shall soon be with you."

He grasped the flower, bruised it, and crushed it slowly between his fingers. Then he regained his cell by the same way he had left it. He dragged himself painfully to his bed, and fell upon it in a faint.

They found him dead the next morning. The expression of his face was calm and serene. His emaciated features, his thin lips and closed and deeply sunken eyelids were transfigured and as though illuminated with a joyous and triumphant radiance. When they laid him on the bier one of the keepers wanted to take the red flower from his hand. The hand was closed in a vise-like grip. The madman carried his trophy with him to the grave.

Translated for THE COSMOPOLITAN.

THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD.

BY JOEL BENTON.

THE territory of Dakota is, in many respects, the most interesting grand division of our country's domain. For a few years it has occupied more attention than any other. No state or territory, certainly, has ever risen to such rapid and surprising importance.

The origin of its name has been the subject of some dispute; but the best Indian authority, a dweller for forty years among the Sioux Indians, makes the word an abbreviation of Pa-ha-Sota, which means "many heads, or plenty." The affix "Sota" always means "plenty" in the Sioux language. In the word Minnesota, it means plenty of water, the appropriateness of which designation is made manifest when you consider that the state bearing that name is only two-thirds land, the remaining one-third being water. What the many heads were that gave to Dakota its title I do not pretend to say from actual knowledge; but I suppose they were the heads of buffaloes. Nothing could be dearer to the Indian than this game; and here they abounded. Their "countless trails and wallows are still to be found on every hand, . . . not to speak of the elk, deer, and antelope," specimens of which have survived the buffalo's practical extinction in the territory.

The name Dakota is still etymologically apt, although the quadrupedal game has so diminished, for its many heads of wheat have made it familiar and famous in all the markets of the world. Dakota, however, has in other ways been a sort of synonym of

multitude or vastness. Its acres are still many, although the whole of Montana and a part of Idaho have been taken from them. To speak of them in square miles conveys to most people anything but a definite idea; and perhaps it is not easy to suggest adequately an idea of the territory's size. But, if the reader has a tolerable idea of the size of New York and of Pennsylvania, he will still have to add Ohio, Massachusetts, and Connecticut to them to equal the area of Dakota as it now stands. And, even with this comparison, there will be a remainder left over.

When you sit in an Eastern or New England home, and hear Dakota spoken of, it seems, if you are a stranger to it, like a wilderness a vast distance away. You think of the difficulties that the early pioneers of Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin underwent in settling those states, and then, by duplicating their hardships, you get an appalling notion of what it must be to begin a home in Dakota. But such a notion will be ludicrously incorrect. The settlers that went west of Lake Erie forty-four years ago found no railroad west of the State of New York; they were compelled to travel in the most primitive ways, and attack dense forests, and contend with wild beasts, before they could get a good hold.

Nothing like this is the mode of beginning now. You can ride on a swift railway train (not different from those trains that traverse the older states) to innumerable points in the territory. In September, when I entered the territory at Fargo, I went in in the evening on a train like the average one

that enters Boston or New York, and saw a city of eight thousand people, living on thickly-built streets, under the electric light. There are numerous other towns in Dakota that have this advanced feature of our civilization, along with street cars, artesian wells, and the most modern of modern conveniences.

The great bulk of the available arable land in this territory lies east of the Missouri river. It is here one wide, more or less rolling prairie, and if not always exactly flat, it seems, for the most part, to present a broad level to the eye. Of course railroads are easily built in a country like this, and nowhere have they been built much more rapidly. Dakota has now two thousand five hundred miles of railway, which is more than any one of about twenty of the settled states can boast of, and more than Massachusetts has, in which state it is said that no place is twelve miles distant from a railroad track. Twenty-six railroad trains go in and out of Fargo daily. In addition to all this, the Chicago and St. Paul, the Northwestern (and I think the Manitoba and Northern Pacific) are to add jointly a few hundred miles more to the Dakota railroad system in various directions. There are also numerous newly projected lines talked of for both Northern and Southern Dakota, which, it is believed, will take some definite shape ere long.

The climate of Dakota is not, it must be admitted, tropical, though Major Edwards, of the Fargo Argus, sometimes speaks of it playfully as the "banana belt." But if it is cold in winter, it is a kind of coldness that is greatly modified and made endurable by the peculiar dryness of the atmosphere. The coldest period is apt to occur in January, when the thermometer indulges itself sometimes, in different parts of the territory, to a varying range of from twenty-eight degrees below zero to forty-eight degrees below. But I have taken testimony from many, who have lived there several winters, that say they can bear the climate that Dakota furnishes much better than they can that of New York city or Chicago. The dampness that prevails on the Atlantic coast, or on the borders of the great lakes, makes a much higher record on the thermometer more insufferable than these far-below-zero points. Having spent two winters in the West and

Northwest (one of them the most severe known), and having seen the thermometer in its zero rampage in the forties, I do not doubt the account of their experience; in fact, my own fully confirms it.

The yearly rainfall of the territory is very light, and the rainiest periods are those of May and June, a time when rain does the most benefit to growing crops. I spent almost the entire autumn of 1885 in Northern and Southern Dakota, and found the weather delightful in every respect. It was one long, prolonged period of blue sky and mild days. A little snow fell in the middle of November, but it soon melted away. There were occasional rains at night, but in the day time I was only called upon once to hold up an umbrella. In spite of all this dry weather the farmer's interests did not seem to suffer, the amount of dust in the roads was not troublesome, and pasturage was not short. Many days in September were very warm; a few were hot; but the nights were always deliciously cool and sleep-provoking.

I have seen it stated that the snow and rain do not make an average rainfall of over .54 of an inch. It is not, in fact, a notable snow-making region. There are many latitudes far south of Dakota that have more sleighing every winter and deeper snow. Even in January, when snow should fall if ever, weather records have given twenty-five clear days out of the thirty-one; and I have passed a February in New York city when there were not over four clear days in the twenty-nine. There is no denying that snow often falls in Dakota in a most exasperating way. The blizzard really does occur. Certain statistics relating to it can be expatiated upon so as to send a shiver to your very bones. Newspaper paragraphs appear now and then that put the matter in the worst light.

When a blizzard occurs it is, of course, desirable to be near a good harbor, for it fills the air so thickly that you cannot see but a few feet from where you stand. It is convenient then to have a rope if you want to go from the house to the barn. Usually, though, it is imprudence that takes one out on the open prairie during a storm of this sort. In a few instances children on their way home from school, or mail carriers, or country doctors, and sometimes heedless farmers, have suffered from this storm.

Colonel Lounsberry describes in graphic terms in a recent contribution to the *North-west Magazine*, a storm that occurred many years ago; but he says that since 1875 he has seen nothing in Northern Dakota "that approached the dignity or possessed the business qualifications of a blizzard. Without snow a blizzard has no capital to work on, and the snows do not accumulate in Northern Dakota until after the blizzard season passes."

He says that when one does occur, the weather "turns cold, and each separate flake of snow" becomes "a particle of ice," and "each has business at some other point than where it fell. As the wind would lift fine dust and whirl it through the air, so this body of snow is lifted. To distinguish the form of a human being ten feet away is impossible. A barn even cannot be seen twenty feet in front of one. It is a mad, rushing, combination of wind and snow, which neither man nor beast can face. The snow finds its way through every crack and crevice." Colonel Lounsberry speaks, too, of "many instances where persons have been lost in trying to go from the house to the barn, and of other instances where cords were taken from the beds and fastened to the house, so that, if the barn should be missed, by holding on to the bed-cord, the house could be found again." But suppose, like *Damocles*, the cord should break.

During the blizzard, from an account of which these words are taken with but slight abridgement, "the thermometer ranged from twenty above to ten below" zero. But storms as severe as one of this description are very rare in Dakota; and I have never heard that any one that has ever lived there, has ever left the territory because of one or from fear of one.

The winds of Dakota are somewhat peculiar, the prevailing ones coming from the west and north-west, and having their birth apparently on the Pacific Ocean. It seems, according to an account lately furnished by the Dakota Commissioner of Emigration that there is a stream in the Pacific Ocean, which we often hear of, called the Japan current, that strikes the western coast near British Columbia. It is similar to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic Ocean in its nature and effects. It is warm, and modifies these winds of which I speak. The islands off the

Alaska coast are affected by it, and the thermometer there "rarely ever falls below sixty degrees above zero, even in winter, and never reaches freezing point." The warm current of atmosphere generated by this ocean stream is split in two by the Rocky Mountains, and a part of it goes through the northern passes towards Dakota, greatly moderating the temperature of Montana, and affecting Dakota also. The winds having this origin are called the Japan or Chinook winds.

It is on account of these, I suppose, that the air is rarely ever in a dead calm in Dakota. Go out of doors any where there, and some steady wind is sure to salute you. You do not notice it when you are in the house. There are no trees to wave their branches as an atmospheric signal or to rustle a response. So that when it seems still you may sometimes look out the window and see the pedestrian, if he is a man, chasing his hat or holding it on. If the pedestrian is a woman, you will see her walking with unusual circumspection, or holding down her disobedient skirts, which appear to be transforming themselves into wings.

For some account of various altitudes in Dakota and neighborhood, I am indebted to Major Edwards. He says the altitude of Duluth, Minn., on Lake Superior, "is six hundred and two feet above the level of the sea;" that of Brainerd, "half-way between Duluth and Fargo, is one thousand two hundred and twenty feet; the altitude of Fargo is nine hundred and forty feet; the altitude of Jamestown, one hundred miles west of Fargo in the James River Valley, is one thousand four hundred and ten feet; and the altitude of Steele, the county seat of Kidder County, one hundred and eighty miles west, is one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, the highest point in North Dakota on the line of the Northern Pacific road, from which point the ground descends to Bismark, on the Missouri River, which is one thousand six hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea." Bismark is the territorial capital.

These various facts, which bear upon the climate, I have been careful in collecting, because they go to substantiate, or account for, the healthiness of Dakota. Governor Pierce asserts, I believe, in a recent report to the government at Washington, that it is the healthiest portion of our country, as the

death rate will show. No malaria settles there, and if malaria should ever be imported the brisk winds would blow it away.

As you go westward you strike the milder influence of the Montana climate. But it is claimed that even in the coldest weather, with the rich prairie grass exposed, cattle suffer less and do better in Dakota than they do in regions far to the south-west. The tales told of the value of the prairie grass for stock, even when standing uncut in winter, are something wonderful. If the rainfall of Dakota is small, the government stations record a visible increase since the first settlements were made.

Although Dakota is for the most part a vast prairie, an immense ocean of land so to speak, wonderfully alike in appearance, there are some variations from this monotony. On the Missouri River there are picturesque bluffs covered with timber. But the prairie itself is not always a dead level. "A coteau range of low, broken hills forms the water-shed between the Missouri and James Rivers, and small ranges of hills are found along the divide between the James and Big Sioux Rivers, and east of the last-named river." There are often considerable undulations, too, which give a little variety, even where no elevation obstructs the long range of vision. Some of the so-called hills would not be so named in the East; but the Turtle Mountains in the far north, which run over into Manitoba, are eminences of considerable importance. Here, too, are lakes and valleys.

The Red River Valley or tract is supposed to have been in geological times the bed of a vast lake, "whose north shore was identical with Lake Winnipeg." The evidences of an immense shore line, surrounded by sand and boulders, can still be traced. It is thought that this theory will also account well for its marvelous richness of soil, "which is a very fine black loam, several feet deep in places, and resting on a firm clay sub-soil." Rich vegetable and mineral ingredients exist in it, and its power to bear continued cultivation is undoubted. There are patches of it where cultivation has gone on for from twenty-five to fifty years.

It is strange enough that until fifteen years ago a large part of Dakota was popularly known as the "Great American Desert," and was so styled on the maps. I once introduced Horace Greeley to an audience,

where an agricultural reference was made in his lecture that suggested an allusion to this supposed desert. Mr. Greeley thought that, in order to get some kind of a soil there, something should be planted that would be certain to grow, and he recommended sowing Canada thistles on it. This suggestion seems doubly amusing now that we know there is no "Great American Desert." It was a somewhat ill-considered suggestion under any circumstances, as this provoking weed will not grow anywhere except where the soil is good and where it can be troublesome.

Society in Dakota is, for a new community, of the first order, in both the town and on the prairie. Wide-awake eastern and middle state people are well represented there. The percentage of the foreign element, I believe, is much larger in Minnesota and Wisconsin than it is in Dakota. The territory has now two thousand school-houses, and two hundred and seventy-five newspapers. It has colleges and normal schools of territorial endowment, and many of its public school buildings, built of solid brick, are as fine as you will meet with any where. The ratio of illiteracy will compare not disadvantageously with that in the various states. In Cass County, which claims a population of over twenty thousand, there are only "eighty-nine persons over ten years of age who cannot read or write."

The male population, of course, preponderates greatly over the other sex. I suppose the ratio of Cass County of four to one is not by any means the largest sample of this excess. This makes the advent of women and young girls a welcome event. In fact, their popularity is so great that a dress-maker, who was obliged to employ girls to carry on her business in one of the towns, after losing something like four a year through the marriage ceremony, gave up her business finally in despair; and, perhaps, followed their example!

The two classes of land open for settlement are government and railroad lands. Nearly all the former, east of the Missouri River, which is first-class, is now disposed of. There is, however, plenty of railroad land that can be bought at from two dollars to six dollars per acre, and on five years' time. The variation in price depends upon the quality and location. There are three ways to obtain government land; namely, by the

Homestead Law, by pre-emption, and by timber culture. Any person over twenty-one years of age, male or female, who is native born, or who, if not, has taken the first steps toward naturalization, may have the benefit of homesteading within six months from the time of entering a homestead claim. The party so doing must put up a house of some sort, which he is willing to live in. He must live on the claim for five years, and pay from four to eight dollars for land-office fees. But he can gain title at once by paying one dollar and twenty-five cents or two dollars and fifty cents per acre. Old soldiers have their time of war service subtracted from this term of residence.

"The Pre-emption Law requires some acts of improvement by the applicant," and filing papers at the cost of two dollars. After this "actual residence, cultivation of the soil, and payment at one dollar and twenty-five cents or two dollars and fifty cents per acre." On this payment you have two years and nine months of time. But title can be had "after six months' residence and cultivation if the payment is then made." The amount of land secured in these cases, as well as by the timber-culture claim, is one-quarter of a section, or one hundred and sixty acres. To obtain a timber claim the fees paid are fourteen dollars. After this the applicant breaks or plows five acres the first year, cultivates it the second year, and plants forest trees, cuttings, or seeds the third year; and beginning the second year breaks another five acres, and cultivates and plants the third and fourth years. After these ten acres of future woodland are started, they must be kept alive for four years more, or eight years from the date of his entry. If at that time he can show six thousand seven hundred and fifty healthy trees, he will be granted title upon paying four dollars land-office fees. By proper management one person can sometimes get land by all these methods, or four hundred and eighty acres in all.

Wheat, "No. 1 hard," as it is termed, is the main crop of Dakota; but other things are grown. Oats, barley, rye, and flax, and all kinds of roots are raised. Wheat often yields as high as twenty bushels to the acre, and in some instances far beyond that. Buckwheat grows well, and vegetables of all kinds grow to an unwonted size. Just

enough apples have been raised to show that their growth is possible. The native Dakotan feels sure that the soft wheat of India, and of other latitudes generally, will never be able to compete with the "No. 1 hard." In order to make the best grades of flour, millers demand this hard kernel, and Dakota is the only considerable place where it can be raised in quantity and to perfection. So she sits and smiles under her broad sky, and thinks that this *sesame*—which word, etymologically, means "grain"—will open to her always the markets of the world.

Dakota is a beautiful land to look upon. Its immensity of eyescape is wonderfully impressive. The mind elevates its wings under the immense sky-dome and horizon. The long summer days, in which the sun shines almost up to bed time, and nearly at night, serves almost to lengthen your life. The purity of the air is a tonic. The water is certainly not the best or most palatable, and in some places water is sold by the barrel from house to house; but artesian wells are enlarging the supply, and a good filter will always make the quality perfect. You get used to the alkaline taste, however, and cannot think it especially harmful where a doctor needs an annual donation party to keep from starving.

Stock-raising is soon to diversify the style of agriculture, and has already made a good beginning. There will some day be trees again as there once were in times long past. They still exist along all the *coutees* and streams, a fact which shows that they can be multiplied. The picturesque claim shanty, with its lath and tar-paper covering, will in time disappear, as will also the dingy sod house. Hay, on account of the discovery of so much lignite—which is a variety of cheap coal—will not always be used for fuel. In the discovery of tin, and the continued development of various mines in the Black Hills, Dakota, is to have hereafter a still other celebrity, or more of another kind. But it appeals to us mainly now as a region of wonderful farms, and a place where farming is easy. There are no fences, or stumps, or rocks to turn your plow, and there is almost no machinery used in staple tillage that does not enable the farmer to ride. In fact, mammoth machinery and multiplied applications of it, are the secrets of Dakota's surprising development.

DAT E STRING.

By B. ZIM.

I ONCE'T fin' er banjo in er sollum ole room,
Whur de deepes' ob dus' lie a-wait'n' fer a broom.
'N a spider 'n' a snapp'n'-bug wuz runn'n' er-roun'
A-whisper'n' ter each udder. Dar wuz no udder soun'—
 No soun' but de win'
 A-moan'n' ob sin,
 Tel dat E string a-strumm'n' begin.

A mouse in dat banjo he haddy he nes',
A nes' dat wuz wa'm 'n so comfo't'n', I guess;
An' he stick out he head, 'n he peep out he eye,
Ez much ez ter say, "Now, sah, doan' yo' come nigh!"
 No soun' but de win'
 A-moan'n' ob sin,
 Tel dat E string a-strumm'n' begin.

Dat banjo et look like 'twuz lonesome 'n sad;
'N' I like fer to chee' up dat banjo mighty bad;
But de mouse he come out, 'n he gim me er wink,
'N a-smooth'n' he tail ob a curly ke-kink—
 No soun' but de win'
 A-moan'n' ob sin,
 Tel dat E string a-strumm'n' begin.

He shub out he foot, an' atech'n' dat string,
He rise up he voice a-commenc'n' ter sing;
But de soun' ob dat string wur de sweetes' / heah;
Like Gabr'l 'n he fiddle, it soun' in my eah.
 No soun' but de win'
 A-moan'n' ob sin,
 Tel dat E string a-strumm'n' begin.

De debble wur roun', 'n a-pint'n' wif he han'—
"Jes' hump up dat *moosic* a little, ole man"—
An' I couldn' resis'; so I up 'n I say:
"Git away frum dar now, / *se* a-gwine fur ter play."
 No soun' but de win'
 A-moan'n' ob sin,
 Tel dat E string a-strumm'n' begin.

De mouse den he scamper'd fer a hole in de flo-o',
'N de spider 'n snapp'n'-bug run'd fur de do-o',
An' I gib dat ar banjo de smartes' kin' er rap:
'N bress me! dat string, ef she didn' up 'n snap!
 No soun' but de win'
 A-moan'n' ob sin,
 Tel dat E string a-strumm'n' begin.

LIFE BENEATH THE CRESCENT. I.

BY EMILE JULLIARD.

I.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TURKS.

IN the eyes of God or Allah, who are of the more importance, the Turks or we of the West?

Turks would reply without hesitation that we are of far less importance. But the modesty of Christians is much more becoming, and I shall not undertake to answer this embarrassing question. At all events we are different, absolutely different. We are Europeans; they are Asiatics: this explains every thing.

We feel nothing, we see nothing, we understand nothing as they do; what seems good to us appears bad to them; what seems beautiful to us to them appears ugly; what we find amusing seems tiresome to them; they would laugh at what makes us weep, if they were ever to laugh or to weep at all. We become quickly infatuated or indignant; they are astonished at nothing, admire nothing, and get angry at nothing. We love the movements and the changes that we call progress; they seek repose and immobility, which they call dignity. We are talkative; they are silent.

They reckon their years and months differently. Their time of day is the reverse of ours; when it is noon with the Christians at Péra, it is six o'clock with the Turks at Stamboul, on the other shore. They greet the host that they are about to visit by keeping on their hats and taking off their shoes; we salute our acquaintances by keeping on our shoes and taking off our hats. They look upon woman as inferior to man: we pretend—in society at least—to treat her as our superior; and if we sometimes permit ourselves to forget this superiority, she knows quite well how to put us in our place, which is usually the second.

Between us and the Turks there is no real point of contact, and he would undertake a chimerical enterprise that should wish to unite Turkey to Europe by any moral tie whatever.

Yet the Turks—if they are not high of-

ficials and have not lived in Paris, from which they take home its vices only—the Turks, I say, are neither malicious, nor jealous, nor disloyal. They are not intolerant even, at least if no outside cause comes to wound their pride, which is all the more touchy as it has no justification. But the Turks are haughty—very unconscious of it, however—and are ignorant to a degree that they do not even suspect. Their fanaticism is never fired by the sight of an alien creed, by public processions, by Christian festivals: as far as they are concerned, all this has no existence. They pass to one side; they see it, but do not look at it. Their fanaticism, which in reality asks for nothing more than to be allowed to slumber as they do themselves, is awakened only by a wound to the Mussulmanic pride, by a palpable and visible insult given to their beliefs.

Christian priests can traverse the streets with their insignia and their sacerdotal costumes, preceded and followed by their devotees, carrying banners, wax candles, and crosses, and singing with all their might. The Turks would not get angry at this any more than they would at a procession of children with their dolls. They even praise their musicians and their drums at the funerals of bishops and the processions of Corpus Christi, and nothing is more curious than the sight of Turkish soldiers, in full uniform, following with the most profound respect the crucifix and the holy sacrament.

But let a Christian take it into his head to enter one of their mosques without their authority and without submitting to all the ceremonial of Mussulmanic humility, and they will drive him out in a brutal manner. This is not intolerance; it is obedience to the principle that every man is master of his own house: and we may be certain that when the so-called Turkish fanaticism has inflicted severe punishments upon European scoffers, or upon persons that are too inquisitive, it is not always the Turk that began the quarrel between the disciple of Christ and the follower of Mohammed.

Turks have a very imperfect understand-



THE BRIDGE OF GALATA.

ing of our sonorous words, progress, enlightenment, science, human perfectibility, patriotism, and civilization. But they have their philosophy, to which they make their whole life conform, and which may be summed up in these words: To let live as it shall please nature; never to do anything oneself, but to leave every thing to God, who alone is responsible.

This is fatalism in all its purity; it is what the Turks call *Kader*. They accept pain in the same mood and with almost the same indifference that they do joy and pleasure; or rather, there is for them neither joy nor pleasure: there is an intermediate condition, sometimes deviating a little to one side and sometimes to the other, but more frequently exhibiting no change whatever.

Their greatest fear is of being disturbed, busy, involved in some movement, or in some commotion. They have given an expressive name to this noisy agitation: it is *calabalik*. The word republic, which they have transferred intact to their language, signifies

quarrel and disorder. If they happen to see two infidels fighting in a wine-shop, they say: "Those wretches are in a republic" (in a fight). The acme of happiness for them is to remain squat upon a mat or divan with a cup of coffee and a pipe. In this posture they forget every thing, even their existence. They live like those plants that turn toward the sun without being conscious of their welfare. Their minds are lost in vagueness, their ears are closed to all external sounds, their dull gaze becomes a vacant stare.

This state of physical beatitude has a name that cannot be translated—*kief*. No disappointment, no preoccupation with the morrow, no irritation can withstand *kief*. *Kief* is for the Turk what reading was for Montesquieu: it is the supreme comforter, it is the refuge from all evils. *Kief* mitigates the most real physical sufferings. An effendi said to me: "When I have rheumatism, I betake myself to my *kief*, and I no longer feel any pain." *Kief* is, in fact, the only

or very nearly the only physician that the Turkish people consult, and whether or not he be less expensive than other physicians, he seems to do them fully as much good.

It has been often said that the Turks will have to be driven from Europe. It is not the Turkish people that we will have to get rid of first. In reality they are inoffensive, benevolent, not very inquisitive, hospitable, and honest. They freely allow Christians to live near them without mixing up in the affairs of the latter, if the Christians in their

plain), as well as the Christians (who complain a great deal).

The real plague of Turkey is officialism. It is the official from the sultan down to the tithe-gatherer, from the tithe-gatherer down to the gendarme, that sucks the blood of that nation. Change this governmental machinery and every thing will be changed. Let the Turkish race (which has ceased to have a majority in Europe, owing to a frightfully rapid depopulation) be no longer the dominant and governing race. This is the pith of



ARTILLERY YARD AT TOP HANE.

turn do not mix up in the affairs of the Turks, and if they forbear to exercise that spirit of propagandism and indiscretion that accompanies them everywhere.

That which we will have to dismiss first, and in the politest possible way, is the government, the great lord, the grand vizir, the pachas, the governors, the sub-governors, the judges, all that army of plundering officials that swoop down like a cloud of locusts upon this poor people, and whose victims are the Osmanlis (who do not com-

the whole matter. The future and the elevation of this country are dependent upon this change.

II.

JOURNEY TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

THERE are several routes to Constantinople, but the most attractive is that by the way of Vienna, Bazias, Rustchuk, and Varna. There is a railroad that runs from Vienna to Bazias and from Bazias to Varna; but I advise the tourist, with whom time is

not money, and who can occasionally waste his time upon poetic things, to take the boat at Pesth down the Danube.

He will glide gently for three days upon the yellow waters of this legendary river, leaving him plenty of leisure to admire the fields of wheat that extend as far as the eye can reach on either side. But there is a surprise in store for him at the Iron Gates. Certainly Switzerland has nothing bolder, more rugged, more imposing than the rocks that form the river banks for several leagues, and from the confinement of which the old Danube seeks to escape by making a thousand turns, by writhing like an eel, by boiling and foaming like a furious beast.

The boats that this patriarch of rivers carries upon its surface for seventy-two hours are veritable floating hotels, provided with all the comforts and conveniences that the most exacting tourist could desire. The *Orient* especially is a marvel of construction and management. The main deck extends from the bow to the stern of the boat, and forms a promenade three hundred and ninety-four feet long, lacking only two rows of trees to make it a beautiful avenue. There are warm baths, a smoking room, rooms for playing, reading, and dancing, a fine table, white Hungarian wine (fine also but treacherous), and a company, always numerous, gay, and thoughtless.

The traveler that loves to plunge into the sweet reverie that the landscapes and picturesque scenes of both banks awaken is slightly disturbed by this moving and chattering crowd: but he is going to Turkey, and there he can be avenged; for the Turk, a great dreamer and a great sleeper, will not disturb either his dreaming or his sleeping.

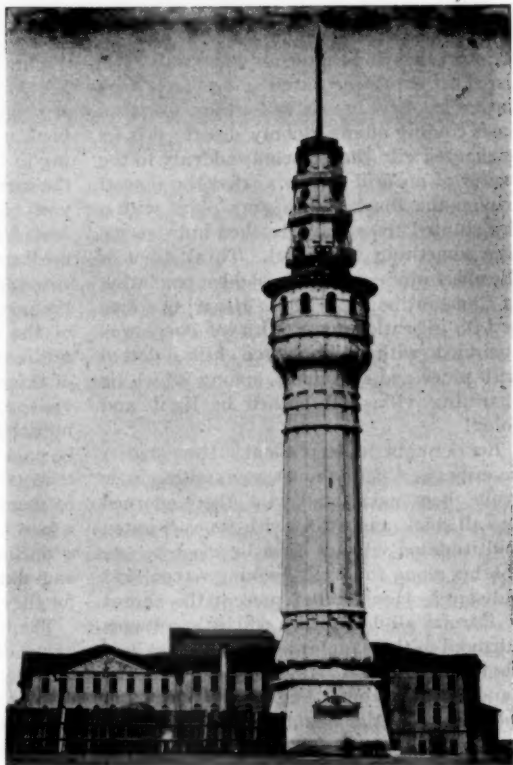
Finally, we reach Rustchuk, a Bulgarian city, which seems to bear this inscription written on its abominable pavements, on its shattered ruins, on the tatters of its inhabitants: "See what the Turks, my former masters, have done to me."

It was at Rustchuk that we began to feel the first effects of that obstinate apathy that is designated in

the East by this characteristic expression: *Alla turca. Alla turca.* That is to say, to be in no hurry, to act to-morrow rather than to-day, to have no idea of the hour, and to count time as nothing; to disregard engagements without violating them too abruptly; to listen to complaints and recriminations; to submit to angry outbursts without being moved, without allowing one's mind to be influenced, without any change in one's ways of indolence and indifference; to laugh at regulations, laws, tariffs, and time; to have no pity for creditors, and no regard for bills falling due. *Alla turca!* Ah! The European that has not felt at his cost all that is embraced in this expression has not lived two hours in the East.

We left the Danube at Rustchuk, where we remained over night. At noon the next day we took the train for Varna, on the Black Sea, arriving there at eight o'clock in the evening.

The boarding of the boat is difficult, at-



TOWER OF SERASQUIERAT.

tended with noise and confusion, and sometimes with danger even, if the sea is high, the night dark, and the boat far from the shore. I recall to mind that once on my return to Constantinople after a holiday trip, I had to board the boat at Varna on a very dark and stormy night. The waves, agitated by a furious wind, tossed like an egg-shell the barge that transferred the passengers to the packet-boat. One had to jump quite a distance. When my turn came, I made a spring without seeing where I was going, and made so unfortunate a landing upon a bird-cage, that my foot crushed into it and stuck in the breach. A sharp but a very feminine cry pierced my ears, and my back received the most energetic fisticuff that the hand of a woman ever honored the spine of a poor mortal.

The boat leaves at midnight and arrives in Constantinople at five o'clock in the afternoon. After a long, monotonous, and tiresome voyage upon a gloomy and sullen sea, in spite of the euphemism "hospitable," which the ancients bestowed upon it, the traveler finds himself admirably prepared to enjoy the dazzling spectacle that nature has held in reserve for him. It is an oasis coming after a gloomy desert; it is an enchanted city that appears suddenly in the center of an arid steppe. After the dismal trip on the Black Sea, a gray plain with a few stunted trees and wretched huts, seems like something wonderful. Think then of the effect produced by the sudden revelation of Constantinople, with its glittering spires and its gigantic domes, with its Bosphorus encircled with light-colored hills, dotted with pines and sycamores, among which lie charming villas all bathed in light and color!

But I ought to keep silent. How shall I describe the Asiatic shores, now smiling, now grave, here naked and wild, there adorned and all spick and span, with its variegated multitude of villages that lie close to one another along the coast, looking so cool and pleasant? How shall I present the shores of Europe, all dotted with odd little cottages mirrored in the sapphire waters of the Bosphorus? On the Asiatic side, Beicos, Candili, Vanikeui, Beylerbey, with its splendid imperial residence, Kouskoundjouk, with its wretchedness and its huts; opposite, in Europe, Buyukdeïé, Thérapia,

where ambassadors, bankers, and wealthy merchants during the summer display their luxury and their vanity; Bebek, more modest and poorer, but sweeter and more agreeable; Arnaoutkeui, dear to the Greeks; Ortakeui, dear to the Jews; Béchiktach, where Sultan Abdul Aziz used to reside; all these retreats, all these singularly attractive surprises, when seen from the deck of a vessel, require some other hand than mine to be reproduced here. Had heaven bestowed upon me the skill of Théophile Gautier, all that I could do would be to inspire my readers with the regret that they are at home reading about all this instead of being where they can see it.

The boat casts anchor at Top Hané, where the Bosphorus ends and the Sea of Marmora begins, and where the great harbor of the Golden Horn comes in view. A light boat, made like a Turkish slipper, takes you to the custom-house, where for the first time you learn to know the power of that deity whose worship is so firmly established everywhere in Turkey—the *backshish*.

The *backshish* corresponds imperfectly to the *pot-de-vin* or the *pourboire** of the West. It consists of a silver or a gold piece, or a bank note, which you slip (without appearing to be conscious of it) into the hand of the man whose services you desire, or whom you call upon to perform a duty. The *backshish* is the private and indispensable medium between you and an official. Its size varies naturally with the position of the person to whom you apply and the value of the service demanded. It amounts to millions in case of the sultan, to hundreds of thousands of francs in case of the grand vizir, and to a thousand francs in case of ministers. Secretaries and employés must be paid more or less liberally; while silver crowns must be given to lackeys and sous to menials. A bank in Galata never made a loan for the government without reserving a million, at least, for his majesty, and a sum diminished by one, two, or three ciphers for the other treasury blood-suckers.

The traveler takes his first lesson in the game of *backshish* at the Galatan custom-house. Does he want his luggage to pass intact and spotless through the hands of the customs officials? Then let him distribute skillfully and in the right proportion a quan-

* Fees given to waiters, porters, and other servants.



FOUNTAIN OF SULTAN AHMED.

tity of silver pieces, with their diameters graduated to the chief of the bureau, to the inspectors, and to the searchers. But unfortunate is he who forgets to comply with this formality. His trunks, his packages, and his traveling bags will all be emptied out; his linen and clothes will be rumpled, unfolded, and soiled by hands that the rosy fingers of Dawn would not recognize as belonging to them, and the most innocent articles are likely to be seized as contraband.

The ceremony of the custom-house, or rather of the *backshish*, once ended, a vigorous porter quickly shoulders your trunks and valises. You follow upon the heels of your guides through a labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, where incense and myrrh do not greet your nostrils, and soon you find yourself at the foot of a steep and interminable flight of stairs, the sight of which makes you shudder. It is Yeni Tcharchist, which unites Top Hané with the center of Péra. After you have twisted your feet for a quarter of an hour on rough cobble stones, separated from one another by little depressions, you

reach the Square of Galata Serai, and your porter will hand you over to some boniface, who for a Turkish livre (four dollars and sixty cents) a day will provide you with good as well as bad, or rather bad instead of good, food, drink, and lodgings. Péra has a number of hotels, but it would be difficult to say which is the best. Generally the best is the one where you are not stopping.

III.

FEATURES OF THE TURKISH CAPITAL.

CONSTANTINOPLE is a vast agglomeration of quarters, not a single one of which (except perhaps the Sérasquiérat Square and the new continuation of Péra Street) presents an aspect either rich, elegant, or imposing. It consists of large villages soldered together. Between them all, there are not ten or a dozen beautiful houses. All the poetry seen from the sea vanishes as soon as one leaves the deck of the vessel; the charm disappears like a mirage. The location is very beautiful; but it is what people have built upon it that is so atrociously bad. With

the exception of a few mosques, the city contains nothing but wooden buildings, inharmonious in color if new; dirty and tumbling down if old; and massive houses of brick trimmed with lime stone, or made with mud walls and cobble stones, and crowding the narrow alleys. No vegetation, no shade, no parks; for one can hardly class under the head of park the modest enclosure of the Petite-Champs of Péra and Taxim, in which the municipality has had trees planted and walks laid out, and although it is called a public garden, no one can enter it without paying a fee of forty *paras*, or four cents. Aside from four or five common barracks, there are no monuments except a few graceful *turbés*, the tombs of high personages, appearing suddenly in a turn of the street, and a few *ichesmés* or fountains in the Moorish style, often dry, and the marble covered with fine gilded inscriptions.

Still, Constantinople has an expressive and striking physiognomy. It is less a city than an immense encampment, in which no one is permanently established. It seems as if the Turks had wished to stamp it with their ancient nomadic and Tartar character, or rather that they had foreseen that some day they would have to pick up their baggage and pitch their tent elsewhere.

A fire of four or five days would suffice to destroy entirely this grand metropolis; there would remain standing only the mosques to show that while the domicile of man passes away, the house of God lasts forever. When the Péra fire occurred in 1870, only eight hours were required to wipe out of existence seven thousand houses, burn one thousand three hundred persons, and leave fifteen thousand families without shelter. Nevertheless Péra, which has grown considerably in size and beauty within recent years, contains already more brick and stone houses than all the other quarters of the capital.

Constantinople is divided into two great sections by that deep bay that penetrates to the heart of old Stamboul, and is called the Golden Horn. The traveler coming from the Bosphorus sees on his left the Turkish city thrusting out into the Sea of Marmora that celebrated spur known under the name of Point Sérail. The shore is taken up with a military post, a custom-house bureau, and the port of Sirkedji, near which is located the Roumelian railroad depot.

Beyond is the dismal and dirty Balata, the quarter occupied by the poor Jews; then Pharnar, not so close and better ventilated, but still wretched enough, the dwelling-place of the Greeks of the old stamp, of the haughty Phariotes, and the residence of the œcumenical patriarch; finally, a few wretched Turkish quarters, and at the extremity of the Golden Horn, Eyoub, a funeral locality, half village, half necropolis, where the asylum of the dead encroaches more and more each year upon the dwelling-place of the living. At Eyoub are the tombs of the saints of Islam, those of several kalifs, santons, noble Osmanlis, who rest under their cippuses, made mournful by innumerable cypress trees. Beyond Eyoub extend swampy and unproductive wastes. This is the extreme limit of the Golden Horn.

On the shores on the right appear the Sweet Waters of Europe, a beautiful and poetic retreat, made bright and cheerful by the Birbysès, a pretty little stream that flows between two banks always green. Turkish women seated in their *arabas*, dragged along by lean horses, come here often in pleasure parties. The sultans have a charming residence here, which the present sultan, Hamid, has, I believe, never seen. Abdul Aziz used to stop here sometimes in the month of May, before fevers took possession of the place.

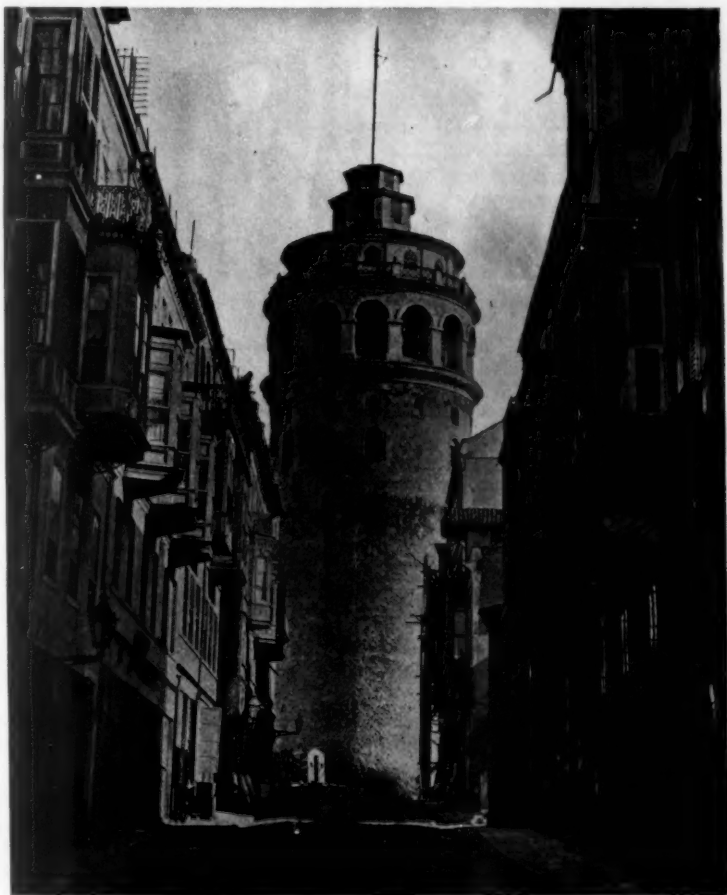
Turning toward the city, one sees scattered over the slope of a hill the wooden houses of Hasskeni, inhabited especially by Armenians. Lower down rise Kassim Pacha, Yenitchair, Tatavla, unclean and unhealthy quarters, which the Palace of Amirauté, a great pile of masonry in very bad taste, cannot ennoble. At last Galata appears, whose narrow streets extend along the shores of the Golden Horn to Top Hané, where the Bosphorus unites with the Sea of Marmora.

In early times, each community was penned up in its own quarter, and was never allowed to establish itself elsewhere. The only distinction observed by the Gregorian Armenians, the Papist Armenians, the Latin Catholics, the orthodox Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Protestants is the one that prevails everywhere: the rich dwell in expensive quarters; the poor huddle together wherever they can, and sometimes in

the places reserved for the dogs. As to the Turks, they occupy Stamboul, where rajahs and foreigners can have counting-houses and carry on trade, but where they cannot reside.

Galata is the business quarter; the stock exchange is located there; there also the wholesale business is done, and bankers and brokers take their twenty per cent. Péra,

houses, and although old Péra still presents a few fine store-houses set off by the wretched shops in the neighborhood. As to the pavement, it was placed there evidently to prevent traffic. Are you fond of mud in winter and dust in summer? Here they are. In certain narrow places the great Street of Péra is so narrow that when two carriages meet,

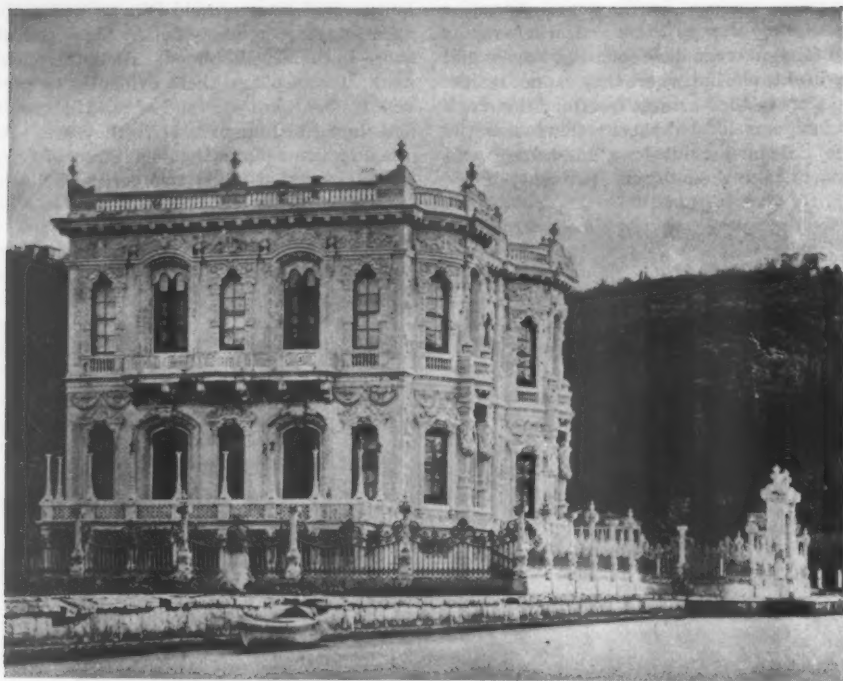


TOWER OF GALATA.

the abode of ambassadors, is spread out on the summit of the hill, the foot of which is covered by Top Hané and Galata. It represents the suburb of European high life, but high life farther down is not different in point of architecture, although new Péra makes a great display of grand and showy

those passing along are obliged to enter the shops or press up against the walls.

It is necessary to distinguish two things in Constantinople—the frame and the picture. The frame is admirable, dazzling, and although verdure is wanting almost entirely, it would be difficult to dream of one more



KIOSK OF THE SWEET WATERS OF ASIA.

beautiful. As to the picture, it is a daub ; yes, a daub in spite of all that amateurs may say of crooked streets, worm-eaten huts, big barracks, massive and vulgar mansions, of rags and tatters.

I know that sluggards and sleepers are much pleased with Constantinople ; but there are few places where regret for one's native land grieves the heart of the young and active European more than in this strange city, where to think is fatigue ; to work, forced labor ; where the mind is depressed, sociability extinct ; where human dignity, assailed without ceasing by the enervating philosophy of *Kader*, seems to sink into a kind of moral and physical somnolence ; and finally, where being alive means simply not being dead.

IV.

PALACES OF THE SULTANS.

BECHIKTACH is upon the European side of the Bosphorus, and commands a view that fills all tourists with ecstasy. From

the top of an elevated hill down to the water's edge, it is covered with pretty little wooden cottages. At the foot of this village, upon a large esplanade, stands the former residence of Abdul Aziz, the Dolma Bagché, an immense and impressive palace, with pseudo ornaments, plaster having been used in vain to imitate marble. Some years ago a fire consumed a portion of it, but without any great loss to art. One admires the white marble baths, with bathtubs of porphyry, and the silver faucets, and especially a marvelous imperial court, gilded from ceiling to floor, where more than a thousand bended backs could circle around the throne of his highness.

But beyond all question the richest and most beautiful of the palaces of the sultans is the Tchéragan seraglio on the Bosphorus, which was constructed during the reign and by order of Abdul Aziz, and which swallowed a good portion of the money that he borrowed of ingenuous Europeans. This seraglio, every part of which I had the honor of visiting in the absence of its imperial

proprietor, merits more than a passing notice.

It is a beautiful, rectangular edifice of elegant proportions ; but it is neither Byzantine nor Moorish. It is constructed in the Italian style, with an immense terrace on top which serves as a roof, and which is surrounded by a superb balustrade. It has but a single floor, reached by an elaborate stairway, and is lighted by a row of very high windows. These windows are of an exquisite design, and consist of a single pane of glass, on either side of which are beautiful columns of genuine jasper, lapis-lazuli, and porphyry. Altogether the structure is striking, pleasing, and commodious.

The location particularly is admirable—about one hundred and sixty-four feet from the water's edge, upon a slight eminence, from which a view may be had that alone is worth the whole palace. Two marble pavilions, with pretty roofs, are pleasantly situated at the two extremities of the quay, which has an opening toward the middle, making a graceful landing-place, whither come the six-oared barges of the sultan to be boarded. The palace has several annexes. That on the left, elegantly and tastefully constructed, is the imperial harem, whose grated windows speak of sorrow and slavery. That on the right is the residence of princes and high officials of the palace. This edifice is naturally much less rich and less showy than that of the sultan.

In company with a friend and a guide I went through the interior of the principal palace, and we dragged ourselves rather than walked across the spacious rooms, whose inlaid doors with massive silver handles, whose ceilings in sculptured and gilded compartments, whose hangings, curtains, and canopies in silk brocade and gold, seemed to steam with the most frightful *ennui* that could fall upon the head of mortal man. Scarcely any furniture, and very few seats. Cashmere carpets covered the greater part of the floor, and being of inestimable value, they seemed to reproach you for every step you took upon their marvelous texture. I said to myself, amid all these sumptuous things, not one of which is cheerful, cosy, or home-like, that the poor man condemned to submit to them night and day was more worthy of pity than envy.

Had even the walls been ornamented with

a few pictures of the masters ; if I had seen the forms of some graceful statues in the angles of these absurdly solemn halls ; but no, nothing for the heart, nothing for the soul ; everywhere, a coarse luxury so costly that it is repulsive, for it has for its counterpart the misery and rags of several millions of people.

In one room, called the *cabinet de travail*,* in which the sultan shuts himself for the purpose of doing nothing, and getting a little more disgusted with life than somewhere else, I was asked to admire the tassels of the curtains, each of which cost six thousand francs (one thousand two hundred dollars), enough to enable a family of honest people to live a year in ease and comfort. In the same room I was obliged, however, to go into ecstasies over an enormous clock of pure silver, representing, if my memory serves me aright, a tiger hunt. My guide did not call my attention to the talent that the artist had exhibited in his work ; he told me simply that this big clock weighed a hundred pounds, and that there entered into its construction thirty thousand francs worth of silver (six thousand dollars), without including the workmanship, the movements, the face ornamented with precious stones, and the gold hands, which altogether were worth, at least, three times as much more.

It was in the imperial court, situated in the center of the palace, that I was shown the turning column that Sultan Abdul Aziz, when he occupied Tchéragan, took care to have turn every morning on its axis, in order to assure himself that the ceiling was not settling, and threatening to crush him. For his highness, who was killed with a pair of scissors by Midhat Pacha, had the singular presentment that he would die from the falling of a ceiling, and he thought, justly enough, that a turning column whose upper extremity grazed the ceiling, would indicate by its rotary movement whether the roof was still disposed to respect a life to which the sultan clung very tenaciously.

Abdul Aziz, who made the building of this palace his favorite passion—and God knows how much these passions of a sultan cost !—finally turned it into a crazy hobby. Once he came across a sleeping serpent in the park ; at another time a rook screamed over his head : frightful omens for a Turk. One

* Work-shop.

night the mosquito netting on his bed became slightly disarranged, and a noisy mosquito was rash enough to cause a sacrilegious swelling to rise on the imperial person.* Even an orangery committed the crime of high treason. But the thing deserves to be described in full.

It will be remembered that Abdul Aziz was invited by the Emperor Napoleon III. to visit the Exposition Universelle in 1867. The sultan wished very much to accept, but it was necessary to know whether the canons of Islam would permit it. The ulemas and the doctors of the Koran assembled under the presidency of Sheik-ul-Islam, and after mature deliberation they decided that Mohammed would not take offense at this journey to a foreign country, provided the sultan placed in his shoes some dirt from Constantinople, so that he might not walk upon any thing except Ottoman soil. Abdul Aziz then departed with his territory under his feet, which had to accompany him every where he went.

After France, he visited England. True Turk that he was, the sultan did not deign to be astonished at any thing. Nevertheless, he at heart admired very much the Crystal Palace in London, but he did not allow his admiration to be manifest; but on returning home he ordered that there be constructed, on the little hill that overlooks Tchéragan, an orangery like the famous British edifice.

From England were brought materials, architects, masons, and glaziers, who worked day and night; for his highness had it made known that he was in a hurry, and soon the promenaders on the Bosphorus saw glistening in the sun the fac-simile, the counterpart, of the Crystal Palace. Twenty-five millions of francs (five million dollars) were sunk in this sultanesque whim.

When the edifice was completed, Abdul Aziz, followed by his staff in lace and jewels, went to visit it officially. He expressed his satisfaction by a *tchok jie* (very good), which was soon translated into decorations for the architects and into gratuities for the workmen.

A few weeks later the Crystal Palace no

longer existed. Eight months had been required to build it; only five days were required to destroy it. It is true that the demolition cost only forty thousand francs, which is an enormous saving upon the cost of construction. What had happened? A very simple thing. A caprice had reared the fairy palace costing five millions of dollars; another caprice had razed it. It seems that all this glass reflected the light in a disagreeable manner into the apartments of the sultan, and that this affected his eyes. So one fine morning his majesty said: "Have that torn down for me." And it was torn down.

On seeing this act of vandalism, the Turks expressed their opinion only by a *machallah!* gentle and resigned. The rajahs and Europeans whispered to one another: "He is a fool!" But the sultan had acquired a taste for destroying things. For a few days he had seen squads of men break millions of panes of glass, take down immense frameworks of iron; and all this, it appears, had amused him a good deal, for he spoke of nothing less than the complete destruction of the Tchéragan Palace, the building and the furnishing of which had required six years of incessant labor, and cost sums that would indeed embarrass one to figure, for they have never been exactly determined.

This time the grand vizir became alarmed at this new caprice; but not daring to make to his master the most distant allusion to the subject, he bethought himself to speak to the English ambassador, Sir Elliot, and to have him make an attempt to save the magnificent palace. Sir Elliot sought an audience under some pretext or other, and obtained it without trouble. In the course of the conversation, the ambassador began adroitly to eulogize the works accomplished during the reign of Abdul Aziz: he praised the fleet, the barracks, the Krupp guns, all these imperial hobbies, but especially the admirable Tchéragan Palace, in which all Europe was interested, and which was destined without the slightest doubt to immortalize the name of the sultan that had had it built, and to become the admiration of the centuries to come.

Although a sultan, Abdul Aziz was none the less human. He greatly relished the honey coming from a cause little suspected, and not only was the palace saved, but the

*The day following this unlucky night, a Turkish journal gravely printed the following: "His majesty is slightly indisposed, having been bitten by a mosquito last night."

sultan, desirous of increasing the glory predicted by the English ambassador, had it embellished to a still greater extent. But he did not make it his favorite, and he never lived in it any more.

I forbear to describe all the palaces that the sultans have built on the shores of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. These are summer residences of marble, more or less genuine, showy, graceful, light, striking to look at, but without originality and without local color. One would naturally say that they are big Italian cages for Turkish birds. The Kiosk of Sweet Waters of Europe, at the extremity of the Golden Horn; the Marmorean pavilion of the Sweet Waters of Asia, where Prince Napoleon stopped when he was the guest of the sultan; the Beicos Palace, formerly the property of ex-Khedive Ismail Pasha, who offered it to his suzerain on leaving the table one day when he was in good humor; the estates of the Little Flamour, where Abdul Aziz shut up the wives of his brother, mingling with them—by mistake, without doubt—some of his own; all these residences and several others, are temporary resting-places where the sultans spend a few hours during their drives, but where they never remain any length of time.

As to the Kiosk of the Stars (Yildiz Kiosk), situated on the top of a hill that commands one of the most beautiful views in the world, it is an old palace, which the present sultan has had restored and considerably enlarged, and which is in a way to become historical. For there for nine years Abdul Hamid has, by prodigies of diplomacy and dexterity, found the strength to hold in equilibrium the discordant parties and the tottering fragments of his empire. Very shrewd, very prudent, but incredibly timid, he keeps himself obstinately concealed in his palace. The tragic death of his brother, Abdul Aziz, haunts his thoughts perpetually and poisons his life, and his fear, which the nine years of security that his friends have enabled him to enjoy, only increases with time.*

Like every body else he must consent to Fate's cutting the thread of his life some

*The futile attempt upon his life in 1885 is anything but authentic. It is claimed that the subordinate officer that assailed him with a raised poignard in the park of the Yildiz Kiosk is a myth invented to justify in the eyes of the Turks this unchivalrous fear, and to explain the precautions that his highness intended to take.

day; but he will not grant that privilege to the vulgar scissiors of Midhat Pasha. Consequently Yildiz Kiosk is guarded night and day by a triple cordon of soldiers, whose officers his highness changes very often, so that there may be no opportunity to plan a conspiracy against him. He has even had constructed lately within the inclosure of his residence, a beautiful mosque, which will hereafter dispense with his leaving his palace to observe Good Friday (as the Koran requires) in some mosque of the capital. His subjects are, therefore, deprived of the single opportunity they have to behold his face.

I have not spoken of the Beylerby Palace, situated on the Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus; but it is beyond question the most attractive, the most charming of the residences of the sultans. It is flanked on the right and left by two pavilions, which are very pleasant and of remarkable elegance. Beautiful terraces, hanging gardens in tiers, where grow the rarest plants, a summer-house crowning the top of the slope, porticos, yoke elms, fountains, clusters of roses—nothing is wanting in this incomparable residence to make it the most agreeable *buen retiros* that I ever saw.

The Empress Eugenie, after having taken part in the inauguration of the Suez Canal in 1869, passed some days in this beautiful residence, proudly enthroned among all these charming surroundings. On this occasion Abdul Aziz displayed a gallantry that the sovereigns of the West, well-bred as they are, might indeed envy. Previous to the arrival of the Empress, a government commissioner was sent to Paris to get a model of the sleeping apartments of Eugenie. He copied the smallest details, even to a book left open at a certain page, even to a piece of unfinished embroidery left on a work-basket. Every thing was reproduced in the Beylerbey Palace with the most scrupulous fidelity—hangings, carpets, furniture, works of art, all the thousand knick-knacks were to be found there in their original form and place, the most trifling differences being observed, as if they had been transported by a magic wand. When the Empress entered this marvelous chamber, and the room leading to it, she cried, taken by surprise: "Ah! *mon Dieu*, I'm at home!"

I have already said that the monuments

that adorn Stamboul are few, and generally are quite unworthy of attention. The Séraskiérat, where the ministry of war is located, is the most imposing of all. It forms a large quadrilateral, whose monotony is broken by high and handsome doors with pediments and casings, very delicately designed. The building of the porte, called sublime, is or was a kind of long, low barracks, without style and without beauty. A fire destroyed part of it some years ago.

The phrase "sublime porte" is applied to both the building and the administration, two things that are important, but neither the one nor the other is sublime. This word has, however, a very ancient origin. When the Turks, long before the conquest, were only hordes of Tartars and nomads, their chiefs or sultans were in the habit of dispensing justice at the door of their tent.

There the cadis assembled and heard the complaint and then the defense. The sultan appeared upon the spot only at the conclusion of the trial to get the opinions of the judges and to render his decision. To go to the porte was for the Turks the equivalent of seeking justice at the hands of the sultan and his counselors.

As to the pompous epithet "sublime" coupled with this poor porte, it is one of those Oriental speeches that the flattery of the weak has bestowed voluntarily upon the tyranny of the strong. The Turkish language abounds in these qualificatives—highness, excellence, divine, celestial, sublime—which in our day and in the West offend the dignity of those that receive them, and of those that bestow them, but which one in the East can freely bestow upon high personages without laughing or making them laugh.

FASTING AND FASTERS.

BY HENRY HOWARD.

A BOOK is extant, published early in the seventeenth century and entitled, *Historia Admiranda de Prodigiosâ Apolloniae Schreirae, Virginis, in Agro Bernensi Inediâ*, or "The Wonderful History of the Prodigious Fast of Apollonia Schreir, a Bernese Girl." Besides this marvelous recital, there are others of an equally remote date, with such titles as *De Puellâ Heidelbergensi, De Puellâ Caloniensi, De Puero Aestatico Altenburgensi*, or "About the Heidelberg Girl," "About the Girl of Cologne," "Concerning the Cataleptic Boy of Altenburg." They all contain accounts of miraculous fasts two or three centuries ago, and enter minutely into the particulars of each case, relating in full the precautions taken to prevent deception, and the condition of the individual during the period of fasting and at its termination.

This only adds further testimony in support of the truth of the adage, "There is nothing new under the sun," and that the fasters of to-day, in going with empty stomachs for thirty or even forty days, are simply following in the wake of predecessors—how shall I term it?—just as absurd, or just as brain-sick, or just as knavish.

Longet, for many years professor of physiology in the medical department of the University of Paris, who wrote a treatise on physiology that is still held in deservedly high estimation, does not hesitate to declare in his last edition: "We have not considered the cases of prolonged abstinence of several days, several weeks, several months, several years. We believe, exaggeration apart, that these rare cases, will be reduced to a nullity. Hunger is entirely an animal function, in which the mind plays no part. Now, since in the case of animals death occurs in a very few days where there is not alimentation, it does not appear to us to be possible that it should be otherwise with man."

The views of this eminent authority are undoubtedly held to-day by the great majority of the medical profession, and many intelligent people would think it more than extraordinary—improbable, if not impossible—that an individual could go without food for even two days, without incurring danger and undergoing the most excruciating torture. And yet, there is no room for doubt that such apparently impossible fasts do take place, as in the case of Succì, the

Italian who attracted so much attention recently, Dr. Tanner, and others; and Longet has made a serious mistake in believing that hunger is entirely an animal function; that because animals deprived of food die in a short time, men must do the same. The fact is, the great influence of the nerve centers on nutrition and denutrition escaped him.

What is hunger? It is not the result of a local condition, but a sensation that is only an expression of the general state of the organism, since it may be satisfied without introducing food into the stomach, as is proved by the injection of nutritive substances into the veins; and Schiff has demonstrated the same fact as regards thirst. On the other hand, a very small quantity of food introduced into the stomach of a person succumbing to starvation, and still susceptible of the pangs of hunger, will cause these pangs to cease immediately, even before any absorption has had time to take place; and consequently before there has been any possibility of assimilation. This proves, furthermore, that hunger is a reflex sensation of which the stomach is the point of departure.

It is the *pain* of hunger that kills quickly, and not hunger itself. It is certain that a man in good physical health may live a long time without eating or drinking, if he does not suffer too much from the pangs of hunger. The history of the miners of Bois-Mouzil, as related by Soviche, is a proof of this. Eight miners were shut up in a coal-mine one hundred and thirty-six hours. The first day they divided among them a half-pound of bread and two glasses of wine, which one of them had brought with him. That was all the food they partook of during their imprisonment. It would generally be believed that these eight, unlucky miners must have felt the torments of hunger in their most frightful form at the moment when the drill penetrated the gallery of the mine; but according to their assertion this long abstinence had occasioned them little inconvenience.

In many cases of sickness, and more especially among the insane and hysterical, fasting has been prolonged for weeks, and often entire months, without causing death. At the period when fevers were treated absolutely without food, very serious accidents resulting from inanition, or total lack of

nourishment, were sometimes observed. Velpeau relates having seen it produce perforation of the cornea, or the front part of the eye, in a soldier suffering from typhoid fever, who was *deprived of all nourishment for six weeks*. This happened at Tours in 1818. He observed a second case at Val de Grace in 1820, where another soldier had reached the fortieth day of total abstinence in the same disease.

As to animals, Chossat reckons from fifteen to eighteen days as the average period during which they are able to resist inanition. The extreme limits of endurance, however, are very variable, fat animals and cold-blooded animals resisting a much longer time than the others. Take as examples of the former, creatures that hibernate, such as the bear, marmot, etc., and of the latter, tortoises and frogs. As every body knows, a bear or a prairie-dog will remain several months without food; a tortoise encased in plaster of Paris will retire from its enforced domicile after three months in fairly good condition.

Thus the hibernating animal, the reflex sense of hunger being latent, feeds upon itself; and, as it has sufficient fat stowed up to nourish it until the conclusion of its winter's sleep, it does not succumb. Man, in certain diseased conditions of the nervous system, is enabled to suppress the sensation of hunger, and to live by auto-nutrition, or feeding on one's self, and also by a sort of hibernation with or without the element of dormancy. All specialists on diseases of the nervous system have under observation hysterical or insane patients that remain weeks and months without food, and yet maintain a tolerably good physical condition.

Again, influences purely psychical, such as powerful moral emotions, without any diseased condition existing in the individual subjected to them, may also lessen the denutrition that results from deprivation of food. In this connection, Henri de Parville cites the experiment of an alchemist named Duchanteau, who imagined that by depriving himself of nourishment for forty days, and drinking his own urine, he could produce the philosopher's stone. Duchanteau supported this regimen during twenty-six days, and didn't die!

Professor Bernheim relates the case of Guillaume Granié, who starved himself to death in the prisons of Toulouse in 1831;

he lived without taking any thing but water until the seventy-third day. "Having decided to die," says Professor Bernheim, "and dominated by a mental condition that rendered him insensible to physical impressions, neither wishing to eat nor feeling the need of eating, the miserable man did not find the hunger that he sought; he died slowly of inanition."

But in the majority of cases of auto-nutrition, where the sensation of hunger is suppressed, the subject grows weak and emaciated day by day, failing gradually in intelligence and in physical strength. This is not the case with certain victims of nervous diseases, nor with Signor Succi, who at the termination of his thirty days fast did not lose appreciably either in a physical or mental sense. This brings us back to the obscure field of the influence of the nerve centers on nutrition and denutrition.

Professor Bernheim puts forward the following hypothesis in explanation of this phenomenon, distinguishing the sensation of hunger from the state of inanition. Hunger, he says, kills rapidly; inanition kills slowly. The hysterical individual who fasts feels no hunger; that is why she does not die of inanition: suppress this sensation, and fasting can be supported a very long time. "The insane, the hysterical, and others who do not eat, obey a spontaneous psychical suggestion of unknown origin that renders them insensible to hunger. Succi is a *believer*. Convinced of the virtue of his mysterious liquor, he neutralizes the sensation of hunger by *auto-suggestion*. He does not die of hunger, because he isn't hungry; he undergoes solely the effects of inanition, which, alone of itself, does not kill in thirty days."

If this is so, auto-suggestion, or belief that one is nourished when one is not, is a great thing, and accounts for many phenomena otherwise inexplicable. Sedillot relates an incident to prove its existence in the animal kingdom as well: "A tortoise weighing one kilogramme and a half had been captured, and permitted during several weeks to wander around the garden, subsisting on flies and other insects. When weighing two kilogrammes the creature was recaptured and eviscerated from behind, its head, members, and shell being left

intact. It was then restored to its liberty weighing fifteen grammes less than at the time of its first capture, and although entirely hollow and open on its posterior aspect, it roamed about as before, snapping up flies that after being swallowed readily escaped from behind. After two weeks the animal was taken and again weighed, when it was found to be five grammes heavier than at the period immediately after its evisceration. The creature was a *croquant*; that is, it believed that it was taking into its system an abundance of aliment; it was growing fat. What was this mysterious energy that worked an apparent impossibility, if not *auto-suggestion*?"

On the other hand, this sensation of hunger is, at least, in a certain measure, independent of the state of inanition. In other words, in cases of nervous diseases hunger may be felt acutely, with all its distressing effects, in a body sufficiently nourished. In support of this distinction, M. de Parville says: "We are acquainted with a lean lawyer and a fat engineer, both of them neurasthenic. If the lawyer does not take a glass of Madeira and a sandwich at five o'clock, he becomes livid and has an attack of vertigo. The engineer is tougher. For about a year he guarded himself pretty well against his indiosyncrasy by smoking; but toward half-past seven, when he came home and smelled the odor of the dishes, if he was not served on the instant, he could not control himself and went into a veritable fury. He became positively and in spite of himself furiously ravenous. And yet, he was fat, and had no need to repair the losses of the organism that was already too well nourished."

So also numerous stories are found in all ancient medical dictionaries relative to those great eaters whose insatiable stomachs engulphed enormous masses of solids and liquids. Such was the case of Tararus, who went so far as to drink the blood of his patients and eat the flesh of cadavers, and who was suspected of having devoured a four-year-old child; yet he had a most sweet disposition when he wasn't hungry.

These cases are just the reverse of Signor Succi's; but not a whit less than his, perfectly explicable according to well-known physiological laws.

YOU AND SHE.

BY GEORGE C. BRAGDON.

HERE knowledge fails again ; we can but wonder
That wisdom halts and turns to foolishness
In him who steps or him who stumbles under
Your subtle spells, O matchless sorceress.

For every captive who is lured to follow
Your blandishments toward elusive bliss
Must find at last the heart behind is hollow,
And each enticement like a Judas kiss.

You bask in splendor and in adulation,
You bend the world of fashion to your will,
Your smile gives fame, your frown gives degradation,
Your cruelty of semblant love can kill.

Some homes are blasted and some hearts are broken ;
But what care you for suffering and sin,
Who wear—aye, let the bitter truth be spoken—
The guise of heaven to serve the devil in ?

There walks across the shadow of your palace,
O swiftly-blighting but enchanting lie,
One who has toiled from childhood without malice,
Or wishing envy, or complaining sigh.

She breaks no hearts, but rather tries to mend them ;
Her love has grown until she is as brave
To help the pleading helpless and defend them
As any knight where battle-banners wave.

At eve, with noiseless step, though worn and weary,
She goes to sing sweet songs and pray soft prayers
Where sick ones lie, and smooth their pillows dreary,
And leave the twilight of the smile she wears.

If God is just, and there is compensation
In yonder future for the lives here spent,
Where some shall find rewarding elevation,
And others find retributive descent,

How then will rank and fare our titled beauty,
Who treads on stricken hearts with cold disdain ?
And how our humble maid whose task is duty,
And loves too much to sense its wearing pain ?

THE COMBUSTION OF JIM RAKESTRAW.

BY RICHARD M. JOHNSTON.

"But brief his joy; he feels the fiery wound."—*Windsor Forest*.

"YOU must of ben too young to 'member Len Cane, weren't you?" said my old friend Mr. Pate one day whilst I was on a visit to the old settlement.

I answered that I remembered having seen him once or twice, though then he had far passed his prime. In his day he was well-known; indeed, somewhat famous throughout a limited territory bordering on the creek and the mill pond. Diminutive, long-headed, thin-headed, with the blackest of hair and the brightest of eyes, he looked old when he was yongg, and rather young when he was old.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Pate would say, "the older he growed arfter he got what growth he did git, 'pear'd like the littler and the younger he got. He were a curoosity, Len were. But every body liked him, because though he were one o' the silentest and say-nothin'est creeters you ever see, yet he were one o' the best natured and one o' the 'commodatin'est you ever knowed."

The account given by my old friend was so circumstantial that I feel that I must often abridge so as to keep within reasonable limits.

Mr. Cane, though remarkably taciturn, was always an attentive, often an eager, listener, and was ever keenly observant.

"Was he a married man, Mr. Pate? I was so young at the time of his passing away that I do not remember as to that."

"Married? Len Cane? Bless your soul, not he. I don't supposen that Len Cane never had the 'motest idea o' ever tryin' to get married. He used to say that he was *borned* a bach'lor. They used to sorter joke him about wimming and gurls, and exceptin' in the case o' Jim Rakestraw, he allays tuck it in good part. One day he says to me—for him an' me was allays friendly, and even ruther thick, that is as fur as he could git thick with any body—says he:

"'S'her', Mr. Pate, 'tain't no use for people to be wastin' their words a talkin' to me 'bout marryin'. I weren't *borned* to git married. I'd a never of suited no woman,

even ef I had of thought I could of got one that might of suited me. Ausbon have a wife and a whole pile o' childern, and them's enough for the Cane folks; much as Ausbon can do, with me to help him, to s'port *them*, let alone the fetchin' in more mouths to feed.'

"Jim Rakestraw, when he ever plagued him about his constant a bachelorin', he'd in general say about so:

"'Jim, they's some men, and they's more of wimming, that would of done better than they done ef they hadn't of got married, and special to them that they tuck up with.'

"Sech as that would sort of shet up Jim Rakestraw, because you see it flung the laugh on to him."

Mr. Cane's ostensible home was with his younger brother, Ausbon, who dwelt near the head of the mill pond, and he justly regarded the various jobs done by himself about the house and yard, not counting in the game he brought, fully compensatory for the little he consumed in board and the trifling care needed for his comfort. He had a small back-shed room wherein he usually slept at night when not on the creek banks. Not unfrequently he got his meals elsewhere. For he was welcome, and for fully sufficient reasons, at most of the houses in the neighborhood. He was never employed with regular work requiring much time for its consummation, unless one might so style his persistent, successful pursuit of game and fish, of which at that time there was a considerable quantity in the forests and streams of Middle Georgia. It used to seem that it was the mill pond that had contributed most to make him what he was.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," Mr. Pate said with emphasis, "Len Cane, it seem to me, that he were a creeter o' the creek. The same, in an' about, as ef he'd of ben a otter, er a muss-rat, er a wild duck. They weren't no tellin' what he'd of come to if he'd ef ben borned an' raised in a high, dry, open settlement. My 'pinions allays has been that he'd of jes' come to nothin', er he'd jes' drindled

and drindled from the word *go* down to nothin'. As it were, he derveloped, you may say, up to bein' the best ducker and fisherman we had among us by a long shot. Not that he never got squirrels, pigeons, and other dry-land things, and killed hawks and blackbirds and sech, but he done that for a commodatin' o' the neighbors a' most in general; for every body, a possible a except-in' o' Jim Rakestraw, liked Len Cane, an' inwited him to their houses, and for which he were allays a feller that didn't want to be behind in doin' favors to people he liked, and that was good to him. And as for hawks and minks, why, sir, the wimming used to jes' acknowledge with their very mouths that 'tweren't for Len Cane they couldn't hardly raise a chicken for them oudacious varmints. True, he'd sometimes rather try to grumble a little when they'd send for him, and beg him for help, and he'd say somehow about so:

"'Dunno how 'tis people can't keep off their own hawks, 'stid o' sendin' for me, an' takin' me away from my business. Now, in course, as fer minks, that's another thing, an' which nobody can be expected to head *them* off exceptin' its them that knows their ways.'

"With jes' about sech grumblin' he'd answer a call o' one o' the neighbor's wives to her hen-house. He never was knowed to refuse sech a call, and he allays went afterwards and got his part o' the chicken-pie, and which I suppose you know that a chicken pie were allays the pay to them that killed a hawk er catch a mink.

"As for hawks, people said that none o' them ever went nigh Ausbon Cane's, because they weren't one of 'em that didn't know, if he knowed anything, that he could never go to them preemisses but once't. And as for minks, people 'lowed that the minks found out that they and Len Cane couldn't live in the same settlement, and as Len he wouldn't never move away, the minks they concluded they would; that is, them the hides of which he didn't have stretched an' hangin' in his Brer Ausbon's back peazer."

What Mr. Cane called his business was the mill pond and the lowlands bordering it, and the creek whose waters composed it. An inconsiderable stream the latter was, coursing leisurely through a level of some extent that was covered densely with reeds,

willows, bays, and other growth. A lofty dam had accumulated quite a body of water, to the head of which wild duck used to resort in large numbers, and were able to hide themselves from most hunters among the numerous thick copes therein. Few besides Len and none like him could hunt this game with much satisfaction. It seemed too expensive to have to wade so far in the early mornings, and get so little for the pains. But the very difficulties were attractive to him, mainly so, although he was fond of catering thus to the appetites of his neighbors, for which, seldom for his own, he pursued his avocation.

"The cunniner, and the slyer, and the sneaker a varmint were," said Mr. Pate, "the keener Len were to run 'em down an' head 'em off. He natchel loved to show 'em, it 'peared like that smart as they wus, *he* were smarter'n what they wus. He'd thes *lay* round the mill pond, not only of a day, but many a time of a night. He have a gun, a old, single-barrel, flint-an'-steeler, an' I supposen she were the longest shot gun you ever see, and when he put in her what he call a buck load, you better believe she lumbered when he fired her off. By day-break, or maybe before, he'd be down thar a creepin' smooth an' silent as a snake, nigh about knee-deep, and hip-deep in the water. And you know, sir, he never shot at 'em a flyin' as some does these days, because he were powerful stingy with his powder an' shot, even when it were give to him for shootin' hawks and sech.

"Ner he'd never give a load for jes' one single, lone duck jes' so by itself, and ef the poor things had of had sense enough to know how stingy he were *with* his ammunition, an' a divided themselves when he were a-comin', they's more of 'em dodged him. But you see now thar it was. They never knowed when he *were* a-comin'. He'd steal upon 'em at their roost, an' when they weren't much as even dreamin' o' sech a thing, blaze away on 'em in a lump, an' come out o' the water with a great pile of 'em.

"Some people used to say they believed them ducks knowed him, an' some went so fur as to say they knowed his actual name, though maybe in their outlandish langwidges, and because they in general had their nose stopped up with bad colds because of their bein' so much in the water, they

called him Leb Cade, instid o' his raal name, which *it* were Len Cane, in course. But in course Len he never acknowledge to sech as that; for he were a truth-tellin' little feller, and he let people run on and have their jokes."

At all events, with all the knowledge the ducks had of Mr. Cane, his knowledge of them was greater, and he seldom, if ever, came back from a hunt without booty.

"Now when you come to talk about the fish in that mill pond," said the historian, "it actual did 'pear like that the simple fact of the business were that Len Cane have studied them fish untwell he know 'em same as he know his Brer Ausbon's children, an' some said he tuck in 'em an intrust ekal to Ausbon's children, but which I supposen, maybe, they carried that too fur. At all ewents, whether it were a dish of suckers that a neighbor's wife wanted, er catfish, er eel, er bream, er redbelly, er even horny-head, that dish, if you give Len Cane notice, even if it were sometimes a wery short notice, that dish he'd have, a-carryin' a string with his own hands to their houses, and maybe not tech nary one of 'em hisself, because he never hunted nér fished fer the love o' 'em hisself, but jes' it 'peared like for the fun o' the thing and fer 'comidashin.'"

His favorite mode of taking the fish was with the basket. This was made of white-oak splits, was four or five feet long, ten or twelve inches in average diameter, narrowing at top and widening at bottom. Into the mouth was inserted a funnel, also of splits, wide, closely woven at the opening and narrowing to a small orifice, beyond which the weaving stopped, and the splits projecting and sharpened at end converged almost to a point. Considerable time would be expended and much pains in enticing to the various holes he had chosen. He had his cat holes, his sucker holes, and others. When all was ready, these holes would be left unbaited for a day, and baskets, well supplied, tied by ropes or grape-vines, would be let in underneath the water. The fish, eager for the bait, would push their way through the pliant splits, which, closing upon their entrance, would hinder with their sharp points the retreat.

The only man in the neighborhood whom Mr. Cane did not like was Jim Rakestraw, a huge, lazy, lubberly giant, whose foot was

so big that some said it had no business to be called a foot at all, and so they called it a thirteen-incher. This man, who got his living by every means possible except work, was wont to deride Mr. Cane for his diminutive size and his general business. Len, who was one of the most peaceable of men, had borne his railleries with some patience, although he had occasionally put with his tongue a sting into him that pierced his thick skin, and inflicted momentary pain. In all probability nothing serious would have ensued but for conduct on the part of Rakestraw on a certain occasion, so palpably outrageous that even such flesh and blood as those of the harmless Len Cane could not be expected to endure it. It was to get an account of this that I had at first inquired of Mr. Pate, whose time for getting to it I had to bide with what patience I could command.

"Well, as I ric'lect, ef I don't disremember, it were Billy Pritchett's wife that started it, though she weren't to blame no more'n you are this minute. Billy and her hadn't been long married, and she got into a complaining way, though she were a monstous fine young 'oman, and she told Billy one day that she wanted a mess of stewed cat fish, and that the facts of the business were she believed that she weren't goin' to git well till she did. Now, that very day, Billy, an' Len, an' Jim Rakestraw, they all happened accidental to be at the mill, an' when Billy norated to Len the kinditions o' his wife, Len ups he does an' says:

"'Why, for pity's sake, Billy, why yes, in course. You tell your wife she shall have them fish for dinner to-morrow, if I'm spared to go to my cat hole thar, jes' below the cornder o' Jimmy Sharp's bottom field. Wish I'd of knew before of her a-wantin' of 'em.'

"Jes' like him, jes' like Len Cane for the the world; for he were as perfec' a 'commodatin' man, and special to the sick, as you ever knowed of.

"But now, come to the serous part o' the business. When Len come to his cat hole next mornin', soon as he gethered holt o' the grape-vine, he know from the way his basket pull that somebody or somethin' else ben thar. And shure enough, when he drawed her to the bank, every bit of his bait to the very last scrap were eat up, an' nary

cat, an' if a body might want to make a joke about sech a thing, I might say nary kitten to show for it.

"And who you reckon it were that done it? Why, nobody but Jim Rakestraw.

"Len, though he never let on to nobody, yet he know it were him the minute he see the empty basket, because he see the print o' his old thirteen-incher where he turned out o' the road at the ford, an' he see it agin not fur below whar he turned up towards Jimmy Sharp's fence arter he robbed the basket. And what made it dead on him, Len picked up the pine bark which the triflin' feller have tied on when he were at the cat hole to keep his track, which he knowed every body knowed from bein' saw.

"Well, sir, you believe me, Len Cane were warm, and he have made up his mind that sech as that he don't stand from sech a ornary good-for-nothin' as Jim Rakestraw, an' that he were goin' to lay for him. So about two days or sich a matter arter thar, lo and behold! him and Billy Pritchett and Jim they meets at the mill agin. Len up he did and 'pologized to Billy like a man for not fetchin' his wife the cat fish, and he declared that Billy might tell his wife that she weren't more dis'pinted than he were; but that a mud-turckle have been to his basket and robbed it; but he have caught the varmint that very day, and he have baited his basket good, and that to tell his wife that, nothin' happen, then fish she shall have for dinner on the follerin' day."

Not feeling that it would be proper to give Mr. Pate's extended account, I proceed to the culmination.

That night a brief dialogue was held between Mrs. Ausbon Cane and her husband.

"Ausbon," said the former, "Brer Len's gun must be awful rusty."

"Rusty! Why, in gen'l Len keep her monstous bright. What you talkin' about, Mandy?"

"He come to the smoke-house this evening when I was getting out supper, and asked me for a piece of fat meat, because he say he want to swab out his gun. I give a good size piece as I thought; but he say 'twasn't enough, and that the job o' swabbin' he have on hand for the present'll take a great *gaub* of meat and nothing less. I told him to help hisself, an' he cut off enough, seem to me, to swab out any gun

and grease every wheel on the plantation to boot."

"Needn't be afraid he'll waste it. He have a use for it, you may be shore. He talked about gun swabbin', least ways them's my 'spicions, to keep you from astin' him too many questions, and for him not to have to tell any more stories than were any needcessity fer."

"Humph! I want not to know Brer Len's business more than he wants to tell me. But something's on Brer Len's mind, Ausbon, and have been for two or three days, and ever sence somebody robbed his fish basket, and he were dis'pinted of carryin' Betsy Pritchett her mess o' cats he promised. I don't remember as ever I see Brer Len that put out in his mind as he were then, and he hain't been the same man sence. Do he tell you who he think done it?"

"No, not he. It were some nigger, I s'pose."

By an hour before day the next morning Mr. Cane rose quietly, lit his candle, dressed himself, took down his gun, blew into the barrel, saw that the touch-hole was clear, picked his flint, primed, shut down the lock, and proceeded to load.

My aged historian, with utmost seriousness, told me that it was said afterwards that never had that gun received such a charge of powder, probably except once; and that was when its owner had been sent for by the Widow Keenum, a most excellent lady, to shoot Stiggers' bull, which had broken into her cow pen, and gored to death two of her yoke oxen. Upon this charge of powder (the latest, I mean) he rammed—well, Mr. Pate or any body else never did know the quantities of fat meat that were rammed into that long gun barrel on that eventful morning.

Having finished this operation, he left the house, and as quickly as his feet could carry him, repaired to his cat hole. He knew from the feel of the grape-vine that the basket held a most satisfactory catch. Behind him, as he stood upon the bank, some fifteen paces distant, was a dense copse of honeysuckles. In the midst of this he concealed himself and waited for the dawn. As soon as it began to open, his keen eyes perceived the giant form of Jim Rakestraw sneaking clumsily down the creek bank. Having reached the cat hole, after listening cau-

tiously for a moment, he kneeled, got hold of the grape-vine, and drew the basket ashore. Jim laughed almost aloud as it swayed heavily to his pull. Removing the funnel, he began to take out the fish.

"Humph!" he lowly grunted, "thar's a foin feller."

He then drew out another.

"Humph! humph!" he grunted again, "thar's another wery foin feller."

At that instant, words that to Jim Rakestraw it seemed not possible for any human throat in such a tone to utter, filled the circumambient space to an immense distance. The words were:

"And here come another foin one, you mean, sneakin' hound, you."

Coincident with these, the gun was fired. The report—but Mr. Pate said it was useless to undertake to describe that.

"But well, sir, my opinions is that sech a n'ary 'nother skene was never viewed and beheld on that nor n'ary 'nother creek-bottom. Ef you'll believe me, that fat meat it tuck o' fire, and it sot Jim Rakestraw a-fire from the ball o' his head to the very blue of his toe nail. He drap the basket, he did, and he ris', and he sot off down the creek a fightin' the fire an' a-bellerin' same as Stiggers' bull; for he have a voice ekal to him.

"Now you see, 'squire, that Len's gun, she have kicked him back an' clean out o' the clump o' bushes whar he have hid himself. But yit, Len weren't hurt serous; but of all the skeered men a body ever see, exceptin' o' Jim Rakestraw, Len were the skeerdest. Because, you see, Len had no idea o' killin' o' Jim Rakestraw, mean as he were, and when he see him a burnin' up same as a dry bresh heap, he ris' from whar the gun have kicked him, and he tuck arfter Jim, and he hollered, and he hollered, and he hollered to him to jump in the creek; but which, if the poor feller see the creek, he was so flustered in his mind an' his body,

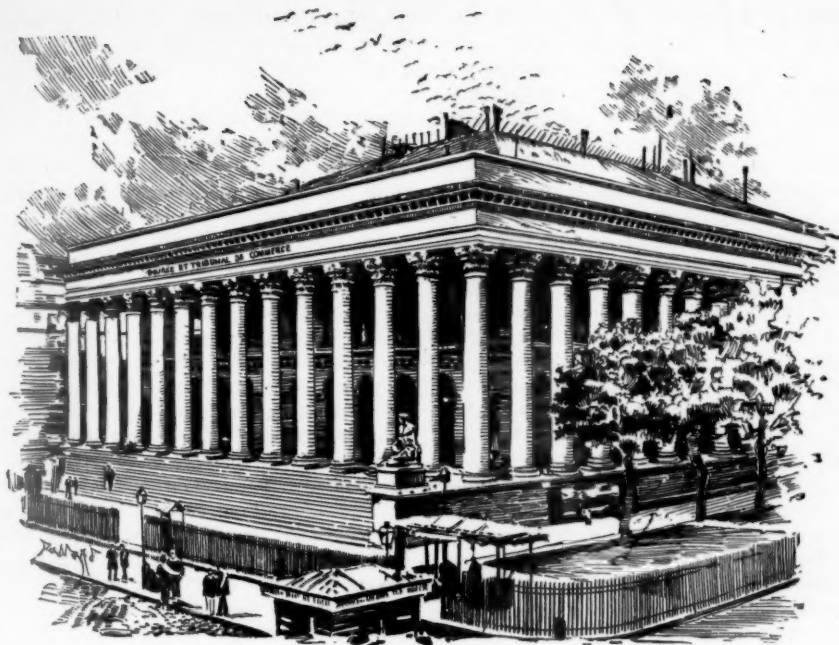
an' his legs, an' all over himself, that he didn't have the jedgment left to make fer the creek. Len he keep on a follerin', and a hollerin', and you know he darsn't lay hands on him a blaze o' fire as he were. Untwell, finally, Len he got jes' wore out and disgusted, and tarrified to boot, and he tuck his gun by the bar'l, and at last he heave the old feller in, and sech a sizz as he did make, I don't s'posed no human ever made before nor sence."

"What then?" I asked when my informant had stopped. "How did they settle it?"

"Oh, that were about all. The thing jes' settled itself. Nobody never knowed agzactly how the thing were, untwell a long time arfterwards, an' arfter Jim Rakestraw moved out o' the settlement. Len, arfter he heave him in the creek, dodge behind a tree untwell he come out, and he see he weren't hurt serous, though he were swinged tur'ble. When he tuck the back track for home, Len he gethered the cat fish, and, good as his word, he tuck 'em to Billy's wife. Thar he never tarried, not even to breakfast; but he have told 'em thar that it seem to him thunder have struck some's in the creek bottom from the fuss he have heerd in the elements as he were makin' for his cat hole; and Billy's wife say she know it must be so, because she heerd it, and it have lift her spang out o' her bed, but she say she feel a heap better the minute she lay her eyes on the cat fish he brung her.

"And that's jes' the way the thing went on twell Jim went off, which he done soon as his har have sort o' growed back. He have a kind o' sispicion that it were Len; but he never were quite shore in his mind but what the thunder struck him. Then, you know, he couldn't prove it on Len 'thout Len acknowledgin' it, and which Len Cane no more goin' to do than shoot him agin. Then he know the case out and out all through were aginst him. So he tuck himself off, nobody ever knowed agzactly whar."





THE BOURSE.

THE PARIS BOURSE.

BY EDWARD KING.

IF the peaceable daughters of heaven, who once wandered through the pretty arcades of the old convent of the daughters of St. Thomas d'Aquinas, could have foreseen that the site of their nunnery was to be occupied by one of the great temples of commerce, and was to become a rendezvous for the most excitable commercial class in Christendom, they would have felt some slight perturbation in their innocent breasts.

The Paris Bourse, or Exchange, the building of which was decided by an imperial decree dated March 16, 1808, was erected almost in the exact center of the French capital, on a part of the grounds that, up to 1790, had been occupied by the above-mentioned convent. Napoleon, with his magnificent eye to business, saw that this was the exact spot for the daily meetings of all classes of commercial people, and so he fulminated one of his decrees. The State gave the site; the City of Paris paid down

the money for the expenses of building, and the old architect Brougiart furnished the plans for the edifice, on the model of a Pagan temple. He had spent a little more than eight millions of francs when, in 1813, death carried him off, and his successor, M. Labarre, continued the work until 1827. The edifice was dedicated on the 3d of November, 1836.

Surrounded by its majestic Corinthian columns, fourteen upon each of the fronts, and twenty upon either side, the Bourse of Paris is, perhaps, one of the most imposing edifices of the capital. Decorated with costly statues of Justice, Fortune, Abundance, and Prudence, it is a veritable "monument" in the European sense. Its interior is exceedingly simple. The central hall, reserved for the operations on 'change, can hold about two thousand persons on the ground floor. A capacious gallery, extending entirely round this hall, enables the

populace of Paris and the stranger to observe the mad antics of the speculators—antics that are as ridiculous and remarkable as those on the New York Stock Exchange. All the French volubility and capacity for gesture are here intensified a thousand fold.

The scene upon the floor of the Bourse five minutes before the stroke of the clock at three, not only "baffles description," as the reporters say, but must positively be seen to be believed. One would refuse to credit any written statement of the mad excitement that prevails just as the solemn functionary at his desk closes the record of the day's transactions. A segment of a battle field, in which the combatants had thrown away their weapons, and were rushing upon each other tooth and nail, might give some adequate notion of the scene. A free fight at an Irish fair might also furnish a parallel. A primary meeting in the ward of an American city on the eve of an eventful election would somewhat resemble the scene.

Grave and reverend *seigneurs* for the moment become the veriest school boys. The ordinary cool and calculating Semite loses his sense of calculation and discretion, shouts, vociferates, screams, pushes, jostles, howls, and throws his bargain, written upon its paper, at the scribe, who refuses at the latest moment to record it. In short, looking down from the gallery upon the closing hour of the Bourse is like looking into one of the circles of the Inferno, where every one may be supposed to have been condemned because of avarice upon the earth to perpetual and torturing attempts at bargains, which are never realized and registered. The shouting or screaming is like that in a great battle; only the smoke and bloodshed are lacking. The spectacle is ridiculous, yet imposing. It gives to the full the measure of human littleness, yet illustrates one of the wonderful forces of the human mind.

The Paris Exchange lacks the calm and solidity of the great Bourses of Hamburg, Bremen, Vienna, Leipzig, and Berlin, but it is methodical, commercial, mercurial. One feels that capital is there seeking its true level; that speculation is at its most audacious height; that reputations are risked, made, and lost with consummate coolness, despite the outward excitement; that rumor rules, fact being secondary and out of place. The wabbling flight of the duck has been

adopted as a *sobriquet* for the somewhat unsteady march of the false tales that have so much influence on the Paris Bourse. The *canard* has become an international synonym. It flies every day and returns to its nest at night, after having caused the most astonishing gains and losses. No one ever thinks of strangling it, or twisting its neck; and on the morrow, with refreshing impudence, it resumes its erratic career.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, all Paris is startled by the rumor that the aged Emperor of Germany is upon his death-bed. Possibilities innumerable float through the darkened air: the whole face of European politics is to be changed: war is imminent: all values are fluctuating: there is an immense rise in certain stocks, vast depreciation in others. From one o'clock to three o'clock the Bourse is Pandemonium let loose. At a little after three o'clock, the stalwart vendors of the sensational newspapers bawl forth the intelligence that the Emperor of Germany is not only quite well, but on that particular day has been passing a review of his favorite regiment, or has arrived at one of his pet baths; and the public realizes too late that it has been the victim of an artfully contrived tale.

Several attempts have been made by the government, through the medium of the Penal Code, to check the flight of these canards. The punishment of imprisonment for not less than a month, or more than a year, and a fine of not less than five hundred francs, or more than ten thousand francs, has been levelled at the heads of the audacious people that dare to deceive the public; but all in vain. The Penal Code also contains severe enactments against those that undertake the selling and delivery of stocks that are subsequently proven not to have been at the disposition of the seller at the moment of the sale.

The oldest Bourse or Exchange in France is apparently that of Lyons. Next comes that of Toulouse, established as early as 1549, and that of Rouen, always great and successful, in 1556. It was not until 1724 that that of Paris had a legal existence. Paris had been for four centuries previous an important commercial center. Its name figures at the head of the fourteen royal exchanges established in 1805 by Philippe le Bel. The merchants used to meet upon the

Grand Pont, or Great Bridge, afterwards called the Pont au Change; then in the court-yard of the Palais de Justice; finally, at the Hôtel des Soissons: and it was at this latter establishment that they were in the habit of meeting when the Bourse was installed in the Hôtel de Nevers, which to-day is known as the National Library.

The great Revolution thought it its duty to interfere with the Exchange, and closed it in 1793 by decree of the Convention. But it was re-opened in virtue of the law of the Sixth Floréal, Year the Third. Under the Directory the Exchange was held in a church; under the Consulate and the Empire, in the Palais Royal, where speculation ran mad. The earlier novels of Balzac give one many curious pictures of the Exchange as it then appeared. Under the Restoration, the merchants met in the Rue Feydeau; and at last they came to the palace that they at present occupy.

A paternal government had sought from the beginning of the century to shield the too-confiding citizens of Paris from the wiles of the Exchange and the clever people that make a business of its operations; and naturally it carried its protection much farther than it could be carried in England or America. It began by limiting the number of intermediary agents, determining the nature of their operations, and making it necessary for certain things to be done through them. It is true that from 1791 to 1802 the professions of *agent de change* and *courtier*, or broker and speculator, were free to all, provided the ordinary license was paid. In those days the only intervention of public authority in Exchange transactions was making the brokers establish each day at the closing hours on 'change the price of gold and silver, and the rate of exchange. Later on a special commissioner of police was appointed for the surveillance of Bourse transactions; and to-day certain rules sanctioned by custom prevail.

Thus the Paris Exchange is public, but a business man who has failed and not re-established his credit cannot present himself on the Commercial Exchange. On 'change, where public stocks and bonds are negotiated, there is less rigor. Speculators that have not paid up their differences are jostled at every step. The part of the Exchange where public funds are negotiated is called the

parquet. This is exclusively reserved for the *agents de change*, a body that merits our special attention.

The *agents de change*, or, as they might be properly called, official brokers, are specially named, and have to take an oath. They require a large capital; and in later years so much money is needed that some of their *charges*, as they are called, are worth numerous millions, and can be carried on only by societies with large capital. Thus, although there are only sixty or seventy *agents de change* allowed on the Paris Exchange, these societies with large capital are divided into what are called *quarters* and even *eights* of *agents de change*, and thus form under the firm style of one person gigantic institutions for the negotiation of public funds. To them is given the sole right of negotiating public stocks and bonds, and of all others that are susceptible of quotation on the regular market. They also have the monopoly of negotiating bills of exchange, and all sorts of commercial paper, and fixing the rate thereof. They alone have the right of fixing the rate of negotiations in the buying and selling of precious metals. They are allowed to levy from one-eighth to one-fourth per cent. for each of their operations.

No person can be named an *agent de change*, or broker, unless he is in full enjoyment of the rights of French citizenship, and has paid his debts in full, in case he may have failed in business. An *agent de change* cannot, under penalty of losing his position and paying a heavy fine, undertake any banking or commercial operation for his own account, or interest himself directly or indirectly in any commercial enterprise. Once removed from his place he cannot be rehabilitated in it; and in case he fails he incurs the risk of prosecution for bankruptcy.

The establishment of these *agents de change* first took place in 1572. Charles IX. had the idea of creating by an edict what he called *courtiers de change, deniers, et marchandises*. Henri IV. confirmed this edict of Charles IX. in 1595. Under Louis XIV. the number of these officers was increased to one hundred and sixteen, and they even enjoyed the lofty title of "banking, exchange, commercial, and financial agents." The National Assembly sup-

pressed them in 1791, but they were re-established by a subsequent law in 1801.

Each one of the sixty or seventy *agents de change* in Paris has to furnish a bond amounting to one hundred and twenty-five thousand

fact, transmissible property, thanks to the law of the 28th of April, 1816, which permits *agents de change*, or their widows or heirs, to name or present their successors. In all the leading banks or exchange institutions



VIEW OF THE FLOOR FROM THE GALLERY.

francs. He is a practical monopolist destined to be swept away by republican legislation at no distant date ; but for the moment he is pretty firmly fixed. "This monopoly," says a competent authority, "has become venal in our days, and is, in

of the French capital a *tableau* of the *agents de change* will be found posted up. Beside the actual possessors of the monopoly stand the names of their predecessors, to whose duties and responsibilities they have succeeded." In addition to the regular *agents*

de change there are a certain number of specially appointed agents under the same lines as the old law.

One of the most curious features of the Paris Exchange is the irregular meeting that was formerly held outside the regulation hours, both before and after the closing of the Bourse proper. Under the Empire these meetings, usually frequented by Hebrew speculators of a pronounced type, and by the small fry that live by the propagation of the *canards* heretofore mentioned, were held in the Passage de l'Opéra. Later on there was an important "side-walk meeting," which greatly impeded public traffic and transit, on the Boulevard des Italiens. From time to time a police raid was made to inform these speculators that they were only tolerated, and not authorized; but they came serenely back the next evening, having paid their trifling fines; and, with true French vanity, enjoying the slight importance that they had assumed in public eyes by reason of their persecution. Under the present Republic there was for some years a strong meeting of second-class speculators in front of the Crédit Lyonnais; and at present there is a kind of "Second Exchange" or "Bourse," held in the great hall of this same Crédit institution, in consideration of a small sum annually paid. Up to 1856 there was no entrance fee to the principal Exchange, but after that time the sum of one franc for the change of public funds, and half a franc for that of ordinary merchandise was levied. For the modest sum of thirty dollars a year a speculator could subscribe to all the privileges of the Bourse.

This was supposed to be a sufficient fee to restrain the lower classes in their taste for speculation, and was one of the measures on which M. Fould, so prominent under the Second Empire, congratulated himself. Just before the great "crack," or financial crash, in 1877-78, all the streets and squares in the neighborhood of the Bourse were invaded by fashionable ladies, who found it a pleasant variation from the ordinary social follies to indulge in the passionate stock gambling that had been confined up to that time chiefly to men. The proprietors of the cafés facing the Bourse were astounded to discover among their patrons ladies of title and of literary and artistic distinction. This craze lasted for several months, and it was not

until the great crash had come, and had swept away in its ruins hundreds of victims prominent in society, that the ladies found it expedient to come no more.

In point of fact operations on 'change in Paris are supposed to be conducted exclusively on a cash basis, and to consist, in all that which concerns public funds, simply in purchases and sales for money. The *agents de change* were, and still are, expected to keep inviolably secret the names of those persons that employ them as intermediaries. Formerly the *agents de change* could sell or buy only in exact proportion to the cash or stocks on bonds furnished them. They had to keep registries and deliver tickets or certificates of negotiations, specifying the nature of the object sold, and these tickets were passed from the hands of the selling agent into those of the purchasing agent.

Agents de change are still forbidden to undertake exchange or banking for their own account, and they were specially forbidden to undertake time bargains, because, said the old law of the 7th of August, 1785, this sort of operation tends momentarily to affect the course of public funds, giving to some an exaggerated value, and running down others; also, because it results in a kind of stock gambling that every wise business man would disapprove of. It risks the fortunes of those that are foolish enough to engage in this form of play, and turns the current of capital away from investments, which are solid and favorable to the development of the national industry. In point of fact, the monopolists that direct the operations of the Bourse have never taken this prohibition into serious account. By breaking the law they have realized some of their largest profits. The *agents de change* have managed, while breaking the law, to prevent the *coulissiers*, or interloping speculators, from doing so, and have reserved all the plums for themselves. They have also secured a kind of legislation which, while it has not revoked the old prohibition, gives a certain validity to their present operations.

An *agent de change* cannot undertake operations on 'change either in private office or during his visits to his clients. They must be done on 'change, and must be announced to the crier the instant they are taken, and immediately inscribed by him. All operations have to be noted as soon as

they are made on uniform tickets which have been initiated by a syndical chamber. After the bell sounds the closing hour on 'change, the brokers, or *agents de change*, are supposed to retire at once to their offices, to make up the average quotations for the day. No time bargains can be made for time exceeding a limit of two months. The buyer always has the privilege of having the stocks that he has purchased delivered to him sooner if he wishes. Formerly all operations were liquidated within fifteen days. Since 1859 the liquidation takes place only once a month. It must be completed within five days after the first of every month. On the first day occurs the liquidation of the French rentes; on the second day, that of state funds and industrial stocks; on the third day, the settlement of all accounts on the above-mentioned tickets; the fourth day, the balance of capital; the fifth day, payments and delivery.

The daily operations on the Paris Bourse may be classed somewhat as follows: First, cash bargains. These are very simply managed. They consist in selling or buying stock to give or take delivery immediately. This is exchange pure and simple of the stock against its price in cash money. Next come time bargains, so-called because the contracting parties deliver the stocks and the money at an epoch more or less removed from that of the bargain itself. The law is very explicit on numerous points. It forbids, for instance, that more than a month shall pass before the delivery of railway bonds. Two months are allowed for certain other stocks. There is a way of prolonging the delay by making an accessory bargain called a *rapport*. These time bargains are often fictitious, and constitute what the Parisians call *jeux de Bourse*.

Upon these negotiations rests the whole edifice of Parisian speculation. There are two sorts of time bargains, *marché ferme* and *marché à prime*. The *marché ferme* consists in buying or selling subject to all the variations of the market, and it engages the responsibility of both buyer and seller. If state rentes or funds are concerned, the liquidation is fixed at the end of the month in which the bargain takes place. If railway bonds or industrial stocks are the subject of negotiations, the liquidation takes place before the fifteenth for such bargains as occur

in the first half of the month, and at the end for those of the second half. The *marché ferme*, when it is in good faith, differs from the *marché à prime* only in this, that the first is liquidated by a delivery of stocks or bonds, while the second is settled by the payment of a difference.

In nearly all the *marchés fermes* the *agents de change* require their customers to put up a *converture*, or margin. The *marchés à prime* were invented to limit the excessive losses that the *marchés fermes* were liable to occasion. They engage the responsibility of the seller alone, and on settling days the buyer is free, if he thinks it wise, not to carry out his engagement; except, in that case, he abandons to the seller, to recompense him for his trouble, a certain sum agreed on in advance, which is called the *prime*, or premium. This sum is ordinarily paid when a bargain is closed.

Out of these various operations no less than twenty-seven combinations, more or less complicated and daily practised on 'change, are formed. The *agents de change* have the right to a certain commission on every operation that they undertake. This commission varies according to the nature of the stocks or bonds negotiated, and as the bargain is cash or on time. When the bargain is cash this commission is one-eighth per cent. on French rentes, on the bonds of the City of Paris, those of the Treasury, on the shares of the Bank of France, and the stocks and bonds of French and foreign railways. In other words, the commission on a sum of eighteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-two francs is twenty three francs fifty-nine centimes.

In normal times and in a business community so prudent as that of Paris, pure speculators on 'change are looked upon somewhat with distrust, and when a man is unfortunate enough to be wrecked he receives but small sympathy. Now and then a great speculative wave sweeps over Paris, as at the time of the famous "crack," and communicates its madness to the brains of the wisest. Large classes of Frenchmen are afflicted with a mania for gambling. Thousands of the representatives of the upper classes retaining titles and social position, but having little or no fortune, think it fashionable and impressive to deal constantly with an *agent de change*; and it is

safe to say that they lose as often as they gain. It adds a pleasing piquancy to their daily life to be able to prove from the columns of the evening papers that they have made or lost so many thousand francs by the rise or fall of values in which they are interested during the day.

The Bourse is the political thermometer. The sensitiveness of capital, so proverbial, is nowhere better exemplified than there. The pulse of Europe may be learned any day by a visit to the galleries of the Bourse.

Thousands upon thousands of men yearly venture into the labyrinth of this Minotaur and disappear therein. Nothing is more common than to meet men suddenly reduced from comparative affluence to the close misery that is none the less dreadful because it is carefully concealed from the public eye. "He has been too venturesome on 'change," say his friends with an accent of pity; but that does not hinder them from daily risking some part of their own fortunes in the mad gambling for wealth.

SIGNOR IO.

BY SALVATORE FARINA.

Translated from the Italian by W. H. Allen, M. A.

VIII.

SURELY it was not because Marcantonio had been a contributor to the fourth page, nor even because of the great event at Porta Tenaglia, for they may be unknown; but unquestionably the *Secolo* has an extraordinary sale to-day. The newsboys come out of every corner, and are patronized by the curious, and along the streets are seen more people than usual with their faces hidden behind the *Secolo*.

Marcantonio, too, is impatient to peruse his own prose, and as soon as he can shut himself up in his bedroom, he spreads the journal out on the stand and reads the "Invitation to the Nuptial Chamber," with all that follows. He is as truly satisfied as though he had seen the second wife destined for him, and found her all his fancy painted her. He lets his eyes rove around the room, and erects his airy edifices in Spain.

He will not move into other rooms: that modest quarter and he are acquainted, and now he is accustomed to it and is comfortable in it. The bedroom is big enough. Many more cubic feet of respirable air enter the only window than are necessary for two. All that will have to be done is to change the wall paper, and have the bridal bedstead revarnished. He will add two basins to the wash-stand, for on the single one remaining are left indelible marks of the water that has been poured into it during so many years. Perhaps he will add, too, a night lamp that

shall hang from the middle of the ceiling, and it must have a blue or rose-colored glass; but before choosing this color it will be necessary to await the appearance of his *fiancée*. He would not like to make any other changes, even if the bride should desire it.

In an hour's time he has transformed in his imagination ten times over his entire house, and has turned his eyes and fancy once more on the modest nuptial couch that stands before him ready to respond to the invitation thus audaciously cast into the midst of the young widows and girls—more especially the girls.

Now he fears lest that erotic caption, "Invitation to the Nuptial Chamber," which he had given to the advertisement to attract attention, might lend a burlesque accentuation to the business, and spoil its serious significance. Now, on the other hand, he flatters himself that he has given in these five words an earnest of his proper value to the young women maritally inclined.

When will the letters begin to rain on Signor Io? To-morrow from the city itself; after to-morrow from the provinces. But the professor will not go to the post-office on Friday, because, although a philosopher of his kidney is inaccessible to vulgar superstitions, he prefers to begin his matrimonial campaign on a day generally considered as harmless. He will go to the post-office Saturday.

But on the morrow his impatience gets the

better of him; the professor is absolutely without superstition; and besides, it is better that he should make himself known as Signor Io to the distributor of letters *poste restante*.

The thing appears to him extremely easy as far as the Cathedral Square; stepping along the *Via Rastrelli*, which leads to the post-office, Marcantonio is disturbed, and on arriving at the office he has lost completely his dignified bearing.

Observing from a short distance the employé moving about in the small enclosure that looks like a large cage, it seems to him that he has a peculiar expression, as if, having read the *Secolo* of yesterday evening, he is waiting all the morning for nothing else but the appearance of Signor Io, in order to make his personal acquaintance.

Marcantonio stands a moment at the outside entrance and notices that all those that he has seen going in or coming out look at him curiously, although he does not stir. He turns around. Through the grating opposite he sees the employé still moving about in his cage. Surely by this time he has observed him, and has noticed his irresolution. Remaining standing there at the door will make matters worse. People shall learn to know him better. He will become the Signor Io of story, the unforgettable Signor Io.

A courageous resolution, and Marcantonio walked up to the square aperture of the *poste restante* delivery. But a glance darted from the inside of that cage confuses him, frightens him. That distributor of letters has a pen made from the feather of a wild goose behind his left ear, fixed in such a way that it seems growing there naturally; he has a hooked nose (one might say beak), and a look in his eyes from below upward that Marcantonio is not prepared for. The professor steps across to another aperture.

"Any letters for Professor Marcantonio Abate?" he asks so as to have something to say.

A moment of silence, during which the professor tries to summon all his strength; but he thinks that he has made matters still worse, because he has shown himself to an employé, giving his name, surname, and profession. Then the voice of the distributor announces:

"Nothing for Abate."

Heroism is an ancient virtue, ancient but eternal.

Let us offer homage to Signor Io before the much-dreaded wicket, standing face to face with the individual of the hooked nose and wild goose quill.

"Are there any letters—" he begins to say, but his opposite looks at him, and by this very simple means makes him lose the thread of his discourse.

"There are—," says the plumed distributor thrusting into a little compartment a fugitive letter.

"Have any letters arrived?" the professor began again pitifully. "If any letters arrive *poste restante*, and directed to Professor Marcantonio Abate, do me the favor and send them to my house."

"Where?" inquires the employé, tearing the feather from his ear and getting ready to write in a register.

And Marcantonio had to reveal the street as well as the number of the house, the stairway, and the floor. Could he have done any more to cut his own throat? Nothing more. Signor Io has performed the entire operation, and succeeded extremely well.

Now he can go quietly home.

IX.

MARCANTONIO sent to the post-office a man seemingly brought into the world with the intention of making a model messenger in this conjuncture.

Battista, the porter, cannot read at all, but he is anxious to have it believed that he knows as much as the next one. Put face to face with a piece of written paper, he eyes it severely, then smiles, and withdraws when he can.

Not having been able to elude the sheet of paper on which the professor has written, "Signor Io, *poste restante*," Battista shoves it into his pocket, listens to the verbal instructions, and runs to the post-office in the greatest confusion of mind.

He returns in an hour with a triumphant smile, hands the paper to the professor, and says:

"Nothing for Signor Io."

Marcantonio turns red, because it seems to him from this answer that Battista has had the sheet of paper read to him by some confidential friend; but he thinks at all events, it isn't easy to get at the root of his

little scheme. As for the silence of his tender suitors, he will not trouble himself about it any more. To tell the truth he has been in too much of a hurry. One ought to learn to be patient.

The "Invitation to the Nuptial Chamber" re-appears on Sunday in the *Secolo*, and Battista is sent again to the post-office on Monday.

Signor Io awaits the return of his messenger; but whatever may happen, he wants to feel satisfied with himself, and expects nothing. To convince himself that he doesn't hope for anything yet, he soliloquizes every now and then:

"It is too soon: the advertisements on the fourth page bear fruit sometimes after several months. I can wait."

But when Battista comes back with empty hands, Marcantonio sees at a glance the vanity of all human aspirations, and perceives that he has not succeeded in pulling the wool over his own eyes.

The day after, on returning from school, Marcantonio sees Battista approaching from behind with a great air of mystery.

"You told me to let no body see them," says the worthy porter, "and I have them all here."

Saying this he points to the pocket in the inside of his jacket.

O, how Signor Io's old heart is beating!

"Be calm, Marcantonio," he says to himself.

"Follow me," he says to Battista.

But somehow he hasn't the strength to mount the stairs, for the mighty hand of Destiny is upon him.

"Give them to me," says Signor Io then; and Battista hands him over three letters and a newspaper.

The professor once more enjoins silence on the messenger, and gives him a *pour-boire*, then stops to take breath, and ascends the stairs with philosophic calmness. He enters his apartments without precipitation, and places on a stand in his bedroom the three letters and the newspaper. He closes the door and opens the window.

"Be calm, Marcantonio!"

Io, he sits alone in his harem.

X.

THE three letters and the newspaper have the same superscription without any varia-

tion: "Signor I. O., *poste restante*, Milan." But the handwriting is different.

The first letter opened by Marcantonio is written with great parsimony of words; it says:

"I am young, beautiful, and rich. I am not able to endure the insipidities of courtship. Make yourself known if you are conscious of meriting me. If you deserve me I will marry you. Following your own rule, it will be useless to present yourself if you are sixty years old, or wear a wig, or false teeth; or if you are deaf or cross-eyed, or an invalid. As to the rest, Virginia will close—an eye. Write to Virginia Malvini, *poste restante*, Milan."

Marcantonio rests motionless for a moment contemplating these ardent words. He feels a little discouraged without knowing why; mayhap something to which he has thus far paid no attention. Something within himself begins to tell him that Virginia is too far removed from him, and too extravagant. But he shakes off his torpor, and taking in with a rapid glance the folded paper and the two closed letters, and the other letters directed to Signor Io that are at this moment lying at the bottom of the postal box, he gives utterance to a hilarious exclamation, and grasps the newspaper. It is a *Secolo* of the day before.

On the first page a hand drawn with red crayon points a finger towards the second page, where another hand, due to the same crayon, beckons to the third page, on which a third hand indicates the page for paid advertisements. On the fourth page there are four hands. From the top, bottom, and the two sides of the paper they stretch out enormous index fingers toward an advertisement completely framed in red. This advertisement says:

"A young lady of twenty-two, in easy circumstances, of a not unpleasing personal appearance, of equable temper, would like to marry a widower of about fifty. Direct inquiries to Signora X. Y. Z., Milan."

Marcantonio re-reads this advertisement attentively, and trying again to grasp its signification, asks in a loud voice:

"What does this mean?"

It evidently means that there is in Milan a young lady of twenty-two summers, who has read Signor Io's "Invitation to the Nuptial Chamber," and is disposed to take him by assault in case Signor Io suits her and she suits Signor Io. But she doesn't wish to take the first step, considers it indecorous to offer herself, and pretends to be nice in her choice. Not at all wrong at bottom; it is

even a kind of modesty that Marcantonio appreciates ; only nothing will come of it. What would one say of a spider that should let itself be captured in another spider's web ? What would be said of an ant-lion that should go and tumble into another ant-lion's tunnel ?

Signora X. Y. Z. is, very likely, an excellent *partie* ; but as brides are not lacking (as is seen) to those that take the trouble to look for them, Marcantonio would be a great simpleton to give the preference to one that plays the prude.

Two other letters remain on the writing desk. In the one Signor Io is requested to send his picture to an unknown party, endowed with all the virtues, who will then make up her mind. In the other Signor Io is directed to appear, without fail, this evening, before nine o'clock, at the Café Biffi, taking care to occupy the table in front of the *rotunda*, and to wear a white cravat and a red flower in his button-hole. This is the wish of a lady, young and not unprepossessing, who will be dressed in black, will wear a bunch of flowers on her breast, and will enter the café about nine o'clock.

Signor Io is a rogue.

He will not send his own picture to any body ; he will not go to the pillory in a white cravat and a red flower in his button-hole, to put in a good humor three or four young blackguards, who, perhaps, have given the rendezvous at the Café Biffi.

His fancy, still unsatisfied, roves from the capricious and beautiful Virginia to the timid X. Y. Z., and does not stop at either. If he were constrained to make his choice now, on pain of celibacy, Marcantonio, who is a philosopher, would continue to live alone ; but if he had to choose at once, on pain of losing his life, without being any better acquainted with those unknown ones, which of them do you think the professor of philosophy would draw upon himself ? Alas ! not the modest one, but the other.

Signorina Virginia is very tempting in her untutored boldness ; moreover, people are never so audacious without possessing some beauty. What is Signorina Virginia like ? She is tall, rather thin, has black eyes, two thick brows that arch, a dark skin, teeth of dazzling whiteness, which give her a smile full of malice ; she has a Parisian nose, or it may be Grecian even.

Signora X. Y. Z., on the contrary, is pale and white, or rather has a plump and rosy little face like a school girl, and this uncertainty as to her identity spoils her a little.

Between these two figures, a third popping up continually insists upon making herself seen every now and then ; it is the lady dressed in black, with the bunch of flowers on her bosom, the unknown, who was to enter the Café Biffi at the hour of nine this evening, if the letter received by mail were not the trick of some hair-brained scoundrel.

That black dress and that bunch of flowers persecute Signor Io, who finds it necessary to repeat to himself his determination not to go to the Café Biffi.

In the meantime what is to be done ? The aspirants for his hand will expect an answer.

"Let them wait," is the severe decision of Marcantonio.

The entire day he remains firm in his double purpose of waiting for other proposals before answering, and of not going to the Café Biffi with the red flower and white cravat. But in the evening, when he is going to betake himself to the public promenade on the ramparts, his legs are disobedient and carry him to the café. Although he still struggles feebly against it, they *will* force him to enter where he absolutely does not wish to go. Marcantonio struggles no longer, but looks at his watch and thinks :

"If I should go in, what harm would it do ?"

What harm, indeed, would it do if Marcantonio should go in ? He hasn't a white cravat, does not wear flowers of any color in his button-hole, and the café is full of people. It is half-past eight. He can take position as a sentinel at a little table behind the glazed window of the entrance. If the unknown really comes he will see her, because she will have to pass in front of him ; if, on the other hand, it is a trick, the practical jokers will have had their labor for their pains.

Marcantonio has already entered and occupied his post of observation.

It is curious. Now when the transaction presents itself in its true light, it does not seem to him any longer to be a joke. To assure himself, he glances around. Without appearing to do so, he scrutinizes the faces of his neighbors. All the people are harmlessly engaged in drinking beer like

himself or slowly eating ices. At no table is to be seen a group like that of the young blackguards that he has feared so much. If the unknown should come now, he would see her with the greatest ease, but she would not see him. What a pity!

It is a quarter to nine, and people are coming in all the time—gentlemen and a few young ladies. Here is one dressed in deep red; she is handsome and wears a little bunch of flowers on her breast. Here is one in dark gray silk; she is ugly, and has a little bunch of flowers on her breast. Hold! All the ladies in the café have a little bunch of flowers on their breasts. It is the fashion, and the professor of philosophy did not know it,

Ah! Look! here she is! Signor Io's heart recognizes her, and beats tumultuously—an angelic form, a magnificent blonde, of carnation and white, and sleek like the just opening magnolia blossom, with such great blue eyes; she has a bouquet like the others, and is dressed in black, a transparent fabric to which Marcantonio can give no name, but which deserves an ample one to express his virile gratitude for all that little it lets him see, and all the magnitude of that which it lets him divine.

The beautiful unknown passes, and has the appearance of looking here and there. She is surely on the hunt for Signor Io, who is in hiding.

Ah! Signor Io is grievously punished for his incredulosity! To expiate his fault and correct it, I verily believe Marcantonio would entwine his neck in his pocket handkerchief, and would pay a month's salary for a red flower, if—if—looking more closely, he did not see finally that the blonde lady is not alone, that a gentleman accompanies her with all the careless and negligent air of a husband, and that behind these, without any pity for the sweet illusions of Marcantonio, come two other ladies, old and ugly, dressed in black, and with the inevitable bouquets. More merciful than destiny, the textures that cover these ancient individuals give no transparent view.

Half an hour afterwards Marcantonio pays for the beer of bitterness which he has drunk, and goes away. But he is compelled to step aside at the door to let two other ladies pass, dressed also in black, and with bunches of flowers on their breasts.

Now Signor Io understands black is worn this year.

[To be continued.]

TWENTY BELOW.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

TWENTY below! and a poem to write
For May, while the world is vested in white,
"To fill up a form" (thus the message I read),
"Else ready for press; so send it with speed!"
A pleasant employ for a mid-winter night.

An ode to Peace in the thick of a fight,
Were a task as easy, I think to indite,
With the quick-silver down to zero—indeed
Twenty below!

The magazines put one in pitiful plight,
Printing their May songs ere March is in flight,
Nor bird-song, nor flower, nor sun to his need:
And for this rondeau some grace I may plead,
With merit that's like my thermometer—quite
Twenty below!

THE PROFITS OF NOVEL WRITING.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

Author of "A Phantom City," "Two Pinches of Snuff," etc.

BEFORE treating on a subject it is necessary that it should be defined. What do we mean by the "profits of authorship?" If it were a question of the profits of printing or publishing, store-keeping or candle-stick-making, there could be no room for doubt; profit would mean pecuniary gain and nothing else. But the profits of authorship come under quite a different category.

The last thing an ambitious youth emulous of literary distinction thinks of is money. It may not even be fame. Sufficient for him is the fact that his poem or story has been accepted, and he is more than rewarded by its appearance in print. He takes the same pride in it that a father takes in his first begotten bantling. It is a creature of his brain. He has become, in however small a way, an author (it may be only of a newspaper paragraph), and though the fact may be known only to himself he is content. Most writers, I imagine, have had some such experience as this. There was a time when their impulse was rather to offer a substantial recompense to the gracious editor who so kindly accepted their modest contribution, than to insult him and degrade themselves by a request for payment.

The profit in this case is the gratified vanity of verdant youth. The desire for fame, though it generally comes later and may seem nobler, is an analogous motive, is often, indeed, but another name for vanity. Vanity, moreover, does not necessarily cease with age. Most writers are vain! some even of high reputation remain egregiously vain to the last day of their lives. Praise is dearer to them than pelf, and they would rather have fine words than hard cash. There are others again, let us hope many, whose leading motive is love of letters, who think more of their art than themselves and with whom, albeit, they profit by their labor, pecuniary gain is quite a secondary consideration. Some men, moreover, write solely to defend a principle or promote a cause, and look for

no other reward than the satisfaction arising from a sense of duty well performed.

I was talking the other day with the manager of two English magazines, both well-known in the United States, one secular, the other religious, and he happened to mention that the latter was produced at much less cost than the former, although there is no great difference in their size. "We pay less for literary matter," he said, "and many religious people who write expect no pay at all."

But these are exceptions. People who write for nothing have generally something of their own, probably an axe to grind into the bargain, and I doubt whether there is a single instance on record of a periodical that relied partially or wholly on unpaid contributions achieving success. When Sir Walter Scott, who was a shrewd man of business as well as a great writer of fiction, started *The Quarterly Review*, he laid it down as a rule, from which no exception was to be allowed, that all his collaborateurs should receive the usual honorarium, fifteen guineas a sheet, I think it was in those days. He knew that this rate of pay would bring him an ample choice of writers, and of subjects, and that to few men is it given to do their level best without hope of some more substantial recompense than publicity or praise.

Several attempts have been made in England to run magazines with unpaid contributions from unknown authors, the idea being that there are hundreds of amateurs who would gladly welcome the opportunity of getting themselves into print and so mounting the first step in the ladder of fame. None of the attempts, it is hardly necessary to say, has succeeded, for though an amateur may conceivably do something for nothing to begin with, he objects to continue long on the same footing. The supply of amateurs who can write sense in good English, is not absolutely inexhaustible; and

last, but not least, readers do not take kindly to periodicals in which the "prentice hand" of the literary neophyte is too obvious, or his productions too frequent.

The amateur, in fact, is a good deal of a fraud, and the supposed difficulty of getting articles accepted and books printed greatly exaggerated. Some difficulty, of course, there is, and it is right that there should be, else every fool who can wield a pen or work a type-writer would rush into print, and "even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." A writer of promise who perseveres is sure, sooner or later, to succeed. What if he has to encounter many rebuffs, to work, perhaps years, for nothing? Is it not the same in every other profession? How often does a lawyer make a fortune by his first client, or a physician make a practice by curing a single patient? The man who would succeed as a writer must be content to write a great deal that never sees the light, and to suffer all things at the hands of editors and publishers, hard-hearted critics and an undiscerning public. Unless he is prepared to do this and to bide his time, he had better take up any other calling than that of letters.

One of the most distinguished of London editors, with whom I was the other day discussing this subject, observed that the one indispensable quality for a journalist is a capacity for hard work, and that he had known more press men to fail or come short of success for want of this quality than from any other cause. But even if he possess this virtue, together with a natural aptitude for literature, there is still another advantage that he ought, if possible, to have—capital, the means of keeping the steed while the grass grows. I am not, of course, speaking of people who occupy positions on established periodicals, but of aspirants who have not yet won their spurs, and rather of authors than journalists. It takes time to write a book, and while the book is growing the writer must live.

Nor is this all. The book may prove a failure or fail to find a publisher. How long a man may have to peg away before he strikes oil is shown in the case of Anthony Trollope. He tells us in his autobiography that he worked hard for ten years, writing in the time several novels and a good many

other things and earned thereby the magnificent sum of \$275! It is clear, therefore, that if Trollope had not had his clerkship in the post-office to fall back upon, he would never have become famous as an author or made a fortune by fiction. Balzac, a greater man than Trollope, wrote a small library of novels before he emerged from obscurity, of which he thought so ill (the novels, not the obscurity) that when he could afford it he had them all withdrawn from circulation.

It may be said that these instances conflict with the opinion I have already expressed as to the difficulty of getting books published. On the contrary, they confirm that opinion. Getting books published is one thing; getting them sold is quite another. Little as Trollope made by his first literary ventures, he probably made more than his publishers. They were not a success because the public refused to buy them, and if Trollope had not been a man of dogged resolution he would have given in long before the tide turned. It by no means follows, however, that every one who perseveres with equal resolution will be equally successful, or, indeed, achieve any success at all; for though by practice a man may acquire the knack of writing readable English, no amount of perseverance, without imagination, will make a novelist.

It is true that some writers appear to succeed at the first attempt. Like Byron, they waken and find themselves famous. These instances are, however, very few, and when careful inquisition is made it will generally be found that there was previous preparation, and that success was preceded by failure. Charlotte Brontë sprang at a bound into the first rank of living novelists; but her great natural gifts had been assiduously cultivated for years. From her very childhood she had been studying the art of fiction and writing works of imagination. The late Hugh Conway is another instance of the same sort, though his genius was of a far inferior order. His "Called Back" took the country by storm and created a rage for shilling horrors, which is only now beginning to subside. Yet though "Called Back" was the first work he published, it was not by a long way the first he wrote. He must have had quite a large stock on hand; two, I think, have been published since his death; and I know a publisher who refused one of Hugh Con-

way's stories years before the public heard of his existence.

It would thus appear that to profit by authorship, in the ordinary sense of the word, something more is required than a mere shutting of the eyes and an opening of the mouth. There must be special aptitude, patience, perseverance, and industry. These, with a love of literature for its own sake, will probably be sufficient, in ordinary circumstances, to ensure a fair measure of success. Brilliant success and enduring fame are for genius alone, and the man who hopes to make a fortune by his pen must be sanguine indeed. True, Scott did great things in that way. Dickens accumulated half a million dollars (and killed himself in the effort), and Trollope sold for \$15,000 apiece novels that he wrote in two months.

But it is not every novelist that possesses the genius of Dickens or the fertility of Trollope, and there is at present probably not one English writer who can command the prices that he readily obtained. More novels are now written than ever, and the average price paid to authors has suffered a woeful diminution. I have been told that when the *London Graphic* began its prosperous career, its proprietor paid as much as \$7,500 for the serial rights of its long stories. They now seldom pay more than a third of that sum.

As a rule, almost invariably in fact, an author gets more for his serial rights than for all his other rights put together, and without them he would come very badly. The ways of disposing of a copyright may be varied almost to infinity. The serial right may be sold to one man, the three-volume right to another, and the one-volume right to a third. For the serial right the author always receives either a lump sum or an agreed rate per page or per column. If the former plan be adopted he is paid on delivery of his manuscript or in such instalments as may be arranged. If the alternative plan be the one preferred he can only, of course, be paid after publication, and whether the publication be weekly or otherwise, he generally receives a statement and a check monthly during the currency of the story. It is no uncommon thing for the proprietor of a magazine to acquire "all the rights," as the phrase goes, and either publish it himself afterwards in the volume

form or dispose of the copyright to some other publisher, who makes fiction a specialty. The price paid is entirely a matter of bargain, and depends on the relative standing of the contracting parties. A first-class magazine will naturally pay more to a first-class author than a second-class magazine would give to a second-class author.

Then, again, a writer may be more popular with the masses than the classes, or *vice versa*. In the one case he would obtain relatively good terms for the serial right from a popular periodical and next to nothing for the three-volume right. The novel in this shape is published at a nominal guinea and a half, and bought only by the circulating libraries. The price actually paid is from twelve to thirteen shillings, thirteen copies to the dozen; but no ordinary reader ever thinks of buying a story in three volumes; he borrows it.

The life of a "library novel," as it is often called, is very short, the publisher seldom caring to secure the monopoly of its publication for more than six or nine months, and a sale of four or five hundred copies is considered very good. The average is probably not more than half this. The author is generally remunerated by a royalty of four shillings a copy. But if he has not made his mark, or is not in vogue among Mudie's subscribers, the publisher may refuse to give him any royalty whatever on the first two hundred copies. As likely as not he will be asked to pay a deposit to cover the possible loss, or he may have to bring out the work entirely at his own cost and risk.

It is only fair to say, however, that most first-class publishers do not publish on commission. If their opinion of a book be unfavorable they will have nothing to do with it; and, for my own part, I think they are quite right. All the same, an author who chooses to go to a little expense can easily get his fiction brought out in the library form, and still more easily lose his money. In fact, the three-volume system is artificial to the last degree. Authors as a whole rather gain than lose by it, and besides being highly detrimental to the quality of their work, it stimulates to an unhealthy degree the production and reading of trash. Yet strong in the support of several powerful interests, it still continues to defy the law of the survival of the fittest.

The next stage is the production of a cheap edition, the price of which is generally fixed either at six shillings or two. It must not, however, be supposed that every three-volume novel is eventually brought out in one, and an author finds it much more difficult to get a novel published in the latter shape than the former. In the one case a sale of two hundred copies covers the cost of production, while as touching a two-shilling edition, four thousand copies are required to bring about the same result. The failure or success of a novel with the circulating libraries is a very uncertain criterion of its chances with the great public. I know of one novel by a popular author, which, though in the library form it left a positive loss, sold in a two-shilling edition as many as thirty thousand copies.

To sum up, novels there be which are published serially and only serially; some there be which are published serially and in three volumes; others, again, which are published in that form only, and a proportion that appear straightway in a popular edition. Only a chosen few run the full course, and starting as serials end as two-shilling novels, in "picture boards," or otherwise.

It will thus be seen that novel-writing now-a-days is a precarious and not very profitable calling. A very fair price, as things go, is \$2,000 for the serial rights of a full length story, and assuming that the author makes \$400 by the three-volume edition and as much by a cheap edition, his total profit would amount to \$2,800—not a great deal, considering the labor and time that the writing of a novel involves. It should also be borne in mind that unless a man strikes oil at the first venture, he may have to peg away for years before his reputation justifies him in asking three or four hundred pounds for the serial right, or a third of the smaller sum for the other rights. He may, indeed, never obtain anything like these prices; and after one or two attempts scores retire discomfited from the field.

On the other hand, there are undoubtedly prizes, and if a writer reaches the top of the tree and is as prolific as Miss Braddon, he can make, if not a great fortune, at any rate a handsome income by his pen. Miss Braddon, I should think, makes more money by fiction than any other writer of the day. Her fertility is prodigious. She obtains high

prices for her serial rights. She has kept her copyrights in her own hands, and her books are always selling. Novels that she wrote twenty and more years ago are still bringing grist to her mill, and if she were to stop writing to-morrow her two-shilling novels would continue to yield her a revenue for as many years to come.

I believe Miss Braddon gets about \$5,000 for the serial rights of a new story, and as she writes something like two a year, or, at any rate, three in two years, her takings from this source alone must be considerable. There may be two or three other writers who command as high a price, but none who is equally popular and prolific. Whether her works will live is another question. I am speaking of the present.

Since weekly newspapers began to make fiction "a feature," there has been an ever-growing demand for stories for this form of publication. The system was first introduced by Mr. Tillotson of Bolton, an enterprising Lancashire journalist, and he now makes quite a business of purveying fiction for his contemporaries. He buys novels wholesale and sells them retail. There is hardly a single author of any note with whom he has not had dealings, and he is almost as well known in the United States and Australia as in the United Kingdom. He either buys the serial rights of a story out and out, or merely for newspaper publication, for a term of years or for the entire period of copyright, and has lately begun to acquire all rights, to publish books as well as to purvey fiction and run newspapers.

His method, when he has bargained for a story—perhaps before a line of it is written—is to arrange with a group of newspapers for simultaneous publication. They must all begin at the same time, print every week the same quantity of matter, and finish at the same time. The price charged to each newspaper depends on its relative importance, the extent of its district, and the standing of the author. After this the story, if it has proved a success, is generally reproduced in several minor papers, which, the freshness being gone, naturally pay less for the privilege than the first comers. In this way the same story may appear at sundry times in two or three score different papers.

Than this an author could not well have a better advertisement, and though it may not

help him much with the subscribers to Mudie's Library, it makes him widely known among the masses. Mr. Tillotson does not care much for writers who have not made their mark; he finds his customers prefer an old favorite to a new genius. He is fond of saying that he buys the man not the story, meaning thereby that he takes it on the strength of the author's reputation, and trusts him to give of his best. I do not think that his confidence is often abused. An author that does not do his level best is his own worst enemy, and is sure in the long run to suffer for his neglect.

I have confined my remarks to the authorship of fiction, because I know of no other sort of authorship apart from journalism and periodical literature generally by which a man can count on making much profit, or even a living. If he takes history for his theme, he must spend years in research before he can hope to gain any pecuniary recompense; if he chooses science, philosophy, or any analagous subject, his books are merely the outcome and record of his labors, and he

may have to work and write for years before their sale returns him the bare cost of production. In fact, your true man of science no more expects to make money by his books than your true poet. It is told of Professor Schiff of the University of Geneva, the great physiologist, that a friend, who one day paid him a visit, found him at his desk, pen in hand. "You are working," observed the friend. "No, I am writing." "That is what I mean; you are working." "No, I don't call writing work. I write merely to unload my mind, just as a man who has eaten too heavy a meal takes an emetic to unload his stomach."

If all writers wrote in the same spirit, and only when their minds were full to overflowing, the world would have better reading, though it might have fewer books, and authorship would be a more profitable calling; but paper makers would have rather a bad time, and many enterprising publishers would be under the painful necessity of shutting up their shops, and seeking other means of livelihood.

MARCH !

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

OH, this is the month of the year
When Nature says to the snow,
"It is time that you disappear;
You must take yourself off, you know,
Just get yourself ready and go;
Pack up your drifts and March!"

She says to the icicles, "Come,
Have you fallen into line?
Then hark for the sound of my drum,
And watch till I give you a sign;
When, bright little soldiers of mine,
Shoulder your arms and March!"

But the Winter wind and the sleet
That never to April belong,
She chases and hunts through the street,
She hurries and drives them along;
And with clarion voice and strong
She orders them to March!

Then she quickens the violet's heart,
And says to the daffodil, "Dear,
Are you getting ready to start?
Let me whisper low in your ear
That the Spring time is almost here,
It is now on the March!"



HOW THEY KEEP LENT IN PARIS.

BY PAUL COURTY.

MONSIEUR DE BOYS. How is this, Joséphine; my wife not returned yet?

JOSÉPHINE. Why, it's hardly six o'clock.

MONSIEUR. But she went out at two. Four hours away by the clock. Don't you call that any thing? I am sure she has gone to the Magasins du Louvre.

JOSÉPHINE. Horrible! Madame wastes very little time thinking about shopping in Lent. Monsieur has probably forgotten that madame is keeping a "retreat" at Saint Roch.

MONSIEUR. A "retreat"—in the day time?

JOSÉPHINE. Certainly. Perhaps monsieur would prefer to have her go out for her devotions after dinner, and not get back until eleven o'clock at night?

MONSIEUR. Of course not. I should rather have her attend to her religious duties at matinées! However, I am sorry that the Minister of Public Worship did not see his way to imitate his colleague, the Minister of War, and suppress these "retreats" in churches. Ah! that's the bell. There she is at last. Stay here, Joséphine; I'll go let her in myself. What? Madame de Lancy?

Enter Mme. de Lancy.

MME. DE LANCY. Hasn't Christiane got back yet?

MONSIEUR. No. It appears that she is keeping a "retreat" at Saint Roch. And you?

MME. DE LANCY. Yes; I go, too, now and then. I was there, but came away—very different from our dear Christiane, who is so good she must have wings growing already!

MONSIEUR. Ah! if I only thought I could prove your—statements!

MME. DE LANCY. Why, of course you can. Be sure and ask her to remember me in her prayers.

MONSIEUR. I will give your message with pleasure—if she comes back in time. I begin to be a little uneasy about her.

MME. DE LANCY. Oh! I hope that at least you are not one of the jealous husbands, and that you don't give credence to the

stories about the fashionable women who leave their carriages in front of the church, and, after passing through the sacred edifice, steal out through another door, and hasten to enjoy a flirtation with some male puppy. That's an old invention. But you know, we ladies must keep up to the fashions.

MONSIEUR. No; I don't believe in any thing of the kind. In short, I should really like to see my wife come back, for it is now quite dark. They must be holding a "retreat" by candle-light at Saint Roch.

MME. DE LANCY. Not at all! Christiane must have stopped, after the sermon, at the confectioner's in the Rue Saint Honoré—you know, the inventor of the celebrated *biscuit-pâté* that has been all the rage this Lent. You would swear there was meat in it, and some people go so far as to say that there is, and that the confectioner cheats. Well, *au revoir*, monsieur.

MONSIEUR. *Au revoir.* (*Mme. de Lancy goes out.*) To Joséphine. Keep the dinner ready, so we can sit down the moment madame comes. What have you got to eat this evening? I don't feel much heat coming out of your kitchen.

JOSÉPHINE. And no wonder. What do you suppose madame ordered? Sorrel soup, some spinach, and apple fritters.

MONSIEUR. And your principal dish?

JOSÉPHINE. I believe madame is going to buy a tunny-fish *pâté* at the shop on her way home.

MONSIEUR. Well, you can't say my wife was extravagant when she drew up *that* bill of fare!

JOSÉPHINE. Why, isn't it good enough for a fast-day?

Enter Mme. de Boys.

MONSIEUR. Here you are at last! I don't mean to scold, my dear Christiane, but you must admit yourself that it's very late.

CHRISTIANE. Yes, you're quite right; but the fact is that the sermon on skepticism produced such an effect on us that we couldn't resist the temptation of accompanying the preacher back to his convent.

MONSIEUR. The deuce! I trust, however,

that in your wild enthusiasm you didn't go so far as to take the horses from his carriage and drag it yourselves?

CHRISTIANE. Certainly not. We leave such folly for those who run mad over actresses and opera singers.

MONSIEUR. Pardon, my dear; pardon! *Apropos* of the theater, what do you think I have in my pocket?

CHRISTIANE. I can't imagine.

MONSIEUR. A box for the Française.

CHRISTIANE. I am shocked that you should spend money at such a time for boxes, when there are so many calls on the charitably disposed, a favorable response to which would go so far towards the salvation of your soul.

MONSIEUR. Well, how much do you suppose I paid for it? Only two francs! It was quite a joke. It seems that Carabussac hasn't seen "A Parisian" yet—

CHRISTIANE. Well, he resembles you in that respect.

MONSIEUR. And bought this box at noon. Well, two hours later, when at the club, he received a telegram informing him of the death of one of his aunts in the provinces. Not knowing what to do with his box, he conceived the idea of organizing a "tombola," at two francs a ticket, for the benefit of one of the club servants, whose wife has just presented him with the seventh olive branch. Well, I won.

CHRISTIANE. And you thought of going all alone?

MONSIEUR. By no means. Would it be possible for me to enjoy myself without you, *mon ami*? But then we can't send it to any body at seven o'clock in the evening. Perhaps I had better throw it in the fire.

CHRISTIANE (*eagerly*). Wait a moment. Listen, *mon ami*; it seems to me that my duty as a Christian ought not to make me forget what I owe to you as a wife. And as I have promised to follow you wherever you may go, we will go to the Française together.

MONSIEUR. Good! Some one is ringing.

CHRISTIANE. Oh, it's only my milliner. She has come just in time, and I can wear a new bonnet this evening.

MONSIEUR. Indeed. So you've been shopping to-day?

CHRISTIANE. The merest accident; for my mind just now is above such trifles. You must know that in my eagerness to get to church in time, I arrived at Saint Roch a good half hour too soon, and as my milliner's was only two steps from there—

MONSIEUR. You stopped in to pick out a bonnet—just so!

CHRISTIANE. No—two bonnets; but then the other is only for common, to wear when I go to visit the poor in the morning. But let's have dinner.

MONSIEUR. Ahem! I am afraid the *menu*, which I got Joséphine to describe to me, is not of the most substantial kind, and when I am going to the theater I always like to dine well. Otherwise I am sure to feel hungry by ten o'clock, and grow quite faint. If we have to leave on this account before the play is over—

CHRISTIANE. Oh! I can accommodate you. There is a little cold roast beef left over from yesterday. Joséphine will get it for you.

MONSIEUR. But I couldn't think of eating meat all alone by myself.

CHRISTIANE. Oh, I'll swallow a few morsels. By sharing your sin it will make it easier to bear the punishment.

MONSIEUR. Why, you're becoming quite a casuist. But the worst of it is, that we can't have any supper when we come back, and I wouldn't give a fig for going to the theater unless I can have a bite after the piece. With a dozen of oysters that Joséphine can fetch in a jiffy, some *pâté de foie gras*, the wing of a chicken, and a glass or two of that delicious old Muscat, which sends such a genial warmth through one's veins—

CHRISTIANE. But why shouldn't we have supper, *mon ami*? It will be after midnight when we get home, and the fast will then be ended.

MONSIEUR. Capital! How glad I shall be to get my Christiane back again—the Christiane I used to know before that dreadful Ash Wednesday. Yes! Madame de Lancy was right; you are an angel, and you must have wings already beginning to grow. Haven't you?

CHRISTIANE (*blushing*). Well, as my husband, I suppose you have the right to look and see!



BAGGING AN UNEXPECTED PANTHER.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE province of Allahabad, India, is an unlikely place for panthers, on account of the thorough cultivation; yet, some years ago, one was reported to the English garrison in the foothills of the Kaissúr range, where my friend, Captain Blanque, was then stationed. This vagabond tiger had justly alarmed the rural people; for each night he would sally out of his lair in the jungle, which filled the ravines, and would carry off a goat or a cow, if he did not strike down a man or a woman. Nobody felt safe.

My friend was, therefore, eager to kill the beast; and, as soon as he heard of its whereabouts, ordered two young buffaloes to be tied up in the forest, as a lure. That night, both these baits were taken; one, perhaps, by a leopard or panther; the other, it was believed, by a tiger; and, early the next morning, the captain started out on his hunt for the "king of the jungle."

"How could you follow him into the thick and tangled growth of trees, bamboos, and vines?" I asked him, when he told me the story.

"I didn't try to," he answered. "In killing its buffalo, at daybreak, the tiger had stopped only to suck its blood, and would probably return for a full meal about noon; so that my best plan was to lie in wait for him.

"This decided, my Kols, who are born and bred jungle hunters, silently departed, to

bring from a distance materials to make a *machán*, or shooting-stand, for me.

"It is wonderful to see how quickly, deftly, and silently these practical shikarries will construct one of these hiding-places. With their sharp little axes, always carried with them, as we carry pocket-knives, a quantity of poles are rapidly cut and trimmed. They are then laid in such a way as to form a platform about three feet square, resting in the forks and on the boughs of a tree, ten or twelve feet above the ground; that is, higher than a tiger can leap; and are firmly bound to the tree with tough withes, cut from the elephant creeper, or some such vine. Light rods are similarly bound all around it, as a railing to this platform; and in and out between them are twined fresh branches of green leaves, to screen the sportsman from his cautious game."

"That lifts you where you can see over the top of the thicket," I suggested; "and puts you out of harm's way, too."

"Yes, it's generally foolhardy to try to meet a tiger on the ground. He has too much advantage; for it is not often, in the dense underbrush, that you can disable him by the first shot. They are great skulkers; and the color of their dull yellow hide, with its upright stripes, like so many bamboo stems, conceals them wonderfully well.

My *machán* was soon done, and I climbed

up into it, while my men all went off, talking loudly, so that any animal lurking and listening near by might suppose, as the sound of their voices died away, that every body had left."

"What time of day was this?" I asked.

"About 10 o'clock in the morning. My *machán* had been built close to one of the dead buffaloes. From it I could see the other dead calf lying in a piece of cleared ground about 150 yards away, and I had not been long in position when the young vultures came down and settled upon it as thick as they could stand."

"Such a sight as that must have been an interesting diversion, while you were waiting."

"Exceedingly so. First, one bird appears, closely followed by another, and then by tens and scores they come, rushing from all parts of the heavens, where, a second before, there is not a bird to be seen. The rushing sound of their mighty wings, all around and over me, has an uncanny, strange sound, which doubles the queer impression made by the unnatural suddenness of their coming. Then follows a pushing, pecking, wrangling struggle, in a brown mass, over the carcass, as they tear it to pieces, varied by scattered episodes, in the way of private duels, going on outside of the general free fight that is taking place among the mass.

"The vultures had been at their revolting work about a quarter of an hour, and had eaten half a calf, when I saw their heads go up; and, in an instant, all left the carcass, shambling off in an awkward trot for a few yards, and then taking flight into the nearest trees."

"What had alarmed them?" I asked. "I have heard that beasts of prey will not touch an animal after the vultures have come down upon it."

"So it is generally believed by sportsmen," my friend answered, "but there are exceptions. I once found where two vultures had been struck down by a tiger that had leaped into a flock gorging upon his quarry; and, having cleared it of these robbers, he did not disdain to finish their meal. The present instance proved to be another exception; for the vultures had hardly taken perch, when a splendid panther walked calmly down the pathway that crossed the opening, and went up to the carcass. He

looked magnificently handsome, far handsomer than a tiger, as he stood at his full height in the bright sunshine, unconcerned and careless of peril, waving his tail about and plainly expressing great anger and disgust at the vultures. He rolled himself over and over several times on the carcass, and then lay down at full length beside it and began to gnaw at the stomach.

"The sound of his teeth crunching away was by no means pleasant. It made my backbone feel a little shivery, I tell you; and I wondered whether my platform was as high as it ought to be. For three hours he lay there, slowly eating the raw flesh.

"Of course, I could have shot him at any time, but I was waiting for nobler game, and let him go on with his feast. He would walk away once in a while, to stretch his legs a little, or to sit under a tree and lick his chops; and once he was gone for fully ten minutes."

"What after?—a drink, perhaps," I interrupted.

"Very likely. The vultures seemed to think that he had departed for good, and settled down again to a second table; but presently the panther dashed in with a lordly growl, and dispersed them, right and left, in short order.

"All this while nothing had come near my bait, and it was fully two o'clock when, rousing himself from an after-dinner nap, the panther slowly came up straight toward me. He walked on until he had advanced over half way to my hiding place, perfectly without fear or suspicion. I began to think we must have been mistaken; and that, instead of a tiger having killed the buffalo I was watching over, this panther was responsible for both.

"His confident bearing, as he marched on, was admirable; his head and body held erect, his coat sleek and shining, and his color light; when suddenly he paused, turned, and stealthily retraced his steps, an altogether different beast. Fearlessness and ease had changed to suspicion and anger. He no longer stood high, but crept crouching close to the ground, and his roughened, bristling hair had assumed a much darker color."

"What was the matter?"

"I naturally concluded that he had discovered me; and, as I also believed he had

killed both baits, and hence that there was no tiger in the neighborhood to wait for, I raised my gun and let him have the charge. I hit him with the right barrel, just beside the spine, near the center of the back, whereat he sat down on his paralyzed haunches, with his back toward me, and roared horribly. The next ball, sent an instant later from my left, struck him on the spine, fair and square, and went right through into the chest, killing him, without a tremor. Then a low, quick growl, just up

the hill, told me, to my great disappointment, that I had thrown away my tiger, the discovery of which it was that had alarmed the sharper senses of the panther."

"It was of no use to wait any longer for him, I suppose?"

"Oh, none whatever. However, I had bagged an exceedingly handsome panther (the tiger, by the way, was killed ten days afterward); and if you will come up to my house some day I'll show you his skin."

THE LITTLE REFORMERS.

BY KATHARINE B. FOOT.

PART ONE.

"CAN'T I have it? Do let me," said an appealing voice. "If you knew how they laugh at me—"

"Janet," said Mrs. Hinckley severely and decidedly, "I have told you once before that under no circumstances whatever will I allow you to wear a bustle of any sort, shape, or description. Don't say another word to me about the matter."

The child seemed about to speak, but Mrs. Hinckley raised her hand and gave her a severe look with her keen, hard, gray eyes.

"That is sufficient," she said.

Janet Shaw, a slender and extremely pretty girl between thirteen and fourteen years old, and about as badly dressed a child as ever was seen, stood for one moment, her hand under the back of a chair, and with her color coming and going, and a most pathetic and yearning look on her whole face. Then she straightened up, and gripping the chair firmly, burst out:

"Oh, don't say no to me; you always say no, no, to every thing I ask for. I have such awful clothes, such awful, terrible, dreadful clothes, I look like Mrs. Noah, and Ham, and Shem, and Japhet, all rolled together. Yes, I do, and they all laugh at me. I can't bear it. I won't bear it."

"You'll have to bear it," said Mrs. Hinckley in a calm, severe voice. "I do not know why I answer you or argue with you at all; but if I think a thing is proper for you, you'll wear it; if it's improper for you, you won't

wear it. What difference does it make what the girls think?"

"It makes a great difference to me," said Janet shaking like a leaf with temper and excitement. "I care more for what the girls say a thousand times than for what any body else says, except Uncle Ross. The school is my world, and I want to look like the other girls."

"Not another word!" said Mrs. Hinckley imperatively, finding herself entirely beaten in argument, and using her authority to cover her defeat. "Not another word; go to your room."

The poor child ran up two flights of stairs at the top of her speed, banged the door of her little hall bedroom with a vindictive slam, and threw herself on her bed in an agony of sobs. She lay there fifteen minutes, sobbing and crying until she was exhausted. Then the sobs became long, heavy sighs, and at last she was still. Then came a gentle tap at the door, and at the same moment it opened slowly, and a pretty young woman came in and closed the door firmly and softly behind her.

"Poor child," she said, "crying again! What is it now? Tell me?"

She sat down upon the bed, and put a cool, soft hand on the flushed forehead.

"Oh, Cousin Anna," sobbed Janet more gently then, "I've been asking Aunt Nancy to let me wear a bustle and she won't. She'll never let me wear any thing such as other



"I LOOK LIKE MRS. NOAH."

girls wear, and the girls laugh at me so. And I never have a cent to spend, not a single cent, and they call me names and make up rhymes, and—oh, *dear!*"

And she began to cry again, and the tears rained down her face.

Anna Greenleaf said nothing for a few minutes, but she sat smoothing the rumpled hair with loving, sympathetic touches that meant more than any words could have just then, and presently she wet a sponge in cold water and wiped off the heated, tear-stained face, and presently, cheered and comforted a little, Janet sat up and leaned her head on the shoulder of the kind woman.

"I suppose I'm dreadfully silly, Cousin Anna?" she said at length.

Miss Greenleaf held both Janet's hands in one of her own firm, cool ones, and with the other she smoothed Janet's cheek.

"No," she said, "I don't think you're silly at all, dearie. I know just how you feel. I've been through just such trials myself, and I know by bitter experience how hard they are to bear. But then—no, I don't mean to be preachy at all—why, bear them as well as you can and get above them, if you can, some way or other."

"How can I," said Janet. "I'm dressed

just as Aunt Nancy was forty years ago. I'm ashamed to walk in the street, and Aunt Nancy never gives me any money of my own, and the girls call me 'Janet' Shaw with a stingy paw,' and they think I am stingy when I haven't a cent to my name. Oh, *dear!*"

"Well, don't mind about the bustle, Netty dear; they're ridiculous, ugly things anyway."

"You wear one, Cousin Anna," said Janet bluntly.

"That's a fact," said her cousin laughing outright.

"Well, if they are ridiculous and ugly, what do you wear one for?"

"Look here, Netty, I'll tell you," and Miss Greenleaf smiled at first and then grew serious. "I'll tell you the honest truth. I wear it because it is the fashion. I honestly confess that I haven't the strength of mind, or rather the independence and indifference to other people's opinions of me, to make myself look conspicuously out of the fashion when there is no real principle involved in the matter. To be conspicuous in dress in any way is in bad taste, and people must conform in a degree to the prevailing fashion, or else be uncomfortable themselves and

mortifying to their friends, unless they happen to be like Aunt Nancy, who has no taste to begin with, and is as odd as Dick's hat-band, and who don't care a rap for any body's opinion on any subject. Now you see, Netty, you and I are made of different stuff, and I sympathize with you from the bottom of my soul, for I had just as dreadful trials when I was a little girl, but I can't help you a bit except to sympathize with you. Aunt Nancy doesn't mind me or my opinion any more than—than an andiron's," she said as she looked round the room for an illustration. "But you just bear it as well as you can, and I'll try some day soon to hint to Uncle Ross that I'd like to buy your spring clothes, and then—well, we'll see," and she looked into Janet's eyes and smiled.

"You dear, good Cousin Anna," said the lonely child, throwing her arms round her neck and hugging her for a second. But she suddenly loosed her hands and said:

"But I don't exactly see where principles are involved in clothes. You said—"

"Oh yes," said Miss Anna, "it's like this: Of course, tight shoes and corsets, and heavy skirts and—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," said Janet interrupting in her turn. "I don't want any thing except to look as the other girls look."

"I know—I know just exactly how you feel," said her cousin, "and as I've said, in all moderation, that's all right."

"In all moderation," said Janet slowly; "that's what Aunt Nancy's always saying."

"So it is," said Miss Greenleaf. "Well, now, you know, Janet, there are various degrees of moderation."

Janet laughed.

"Yes, indeed, Cousin Anna. I like your moderation."

Miss Anna laughed too.

"Yes, we do think alike, and I know we'll think alike about the birds. I've been reading about it. There's one thing I hope you wouldn't do to look as other girls look, or as a good many of 'em look; that is, wear birds in your hat. Ugh! it makes me shudder to think of it."

"Why?" asked Janet.

"Because, in the first place, many, I believe, indeed, most of the poor little birds that are killed to put on hats and bonnets, are skinned alive to—"

"Oh, Cousin Anna!" said Janet with

horror in her face and voice, and bustles utterly driven out of her mind. "Is that really true?"

"Really and certainly true. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Dreadful," echoed Janet, "I should think so. What do they do it for?"

"To preserve the plumage, the coloring, I believe. I don't know exactly why; I only know it is done constantly, if not usually. And oh! just think of the awful slaughter of the poor birds, and how they're all being killed off, just for women and girls to wear them on their heads."

"My gracious!" said Janet. "Why, I don't know why I never thought of it before; it's perfectly dreadful. Can't somebody stop it?"

"I don't know," said Cousin Anna shaking her head sadly. "I suppose some fashionable, great lady might do a great deal towards stopping it; but the women who think the most about it are neither great nor fashionable, and feel rather helpless. But the makers of fashions might stop it, certainly."

"Who does make fashions, anyhow?" asked Janet.

"Can't imagine," said her cousin. "If I knew, I'd give 'em an idea or two."

"Free, gratis, for nothing?" said Janet.

"Exactly so. My! There's the dinner bell."

Miss Greenleaf hurried to her room for a moment, and Janet, after giving her hair a hasty dab or two with the brush, washed her hands and started down stairs.

"Ow!—oo!" she yelled at the foot of the stairs as a boy darted out from a dark corner with a sudden "boo" in her ears. "Oh you horrid boy, just scare me to death, so you do!"

"Old touchy gunpowder," said Philip, "can't you ever take a joke?"

"I don't call scaring people out of their seven senses much of a joke," said Janet loftily.

"Oh, you come off your perch," said Philip, sliding down a banister. "I never heard of any body that ever had more than five senses. Who's caught now, Miss Knowledgeable?"

And he looked up at her as he lay astride the newel post with grin of triumph.

"Well, I know better," said Janet, and she couldn't help laughing.

"Say, Jan," said Philip jumping down, "don't tell father I scared you, will you!"

"No," said Janet, "you know I am not mean if I am a touchy gunpowder."

"That's so," said Phil heartily, and Janet threw a glance back at him, and peace was made.

"Well, little daughter," said her Uncle Ross as Janet slid herself softly into her chair at the end of the table, "how has the world used you to-day?"

Janet was a truthful girl. She couldn't say the world had used her well at all, so she said:

"I don't suppose any body's ever satisfied."

"Ah!" said Uncle Ross lifting his eyebrows, and then he began to eat his soup.

An uncomfortable silence was settling over the table, when Anna Greenleaf said brightly:

"Janet and I have been talking about the dreadful fashion of wearing birds on hats."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Hinckley, "I'm glad there's something that's the fashion," and she gave a very scornful emphasis to the word, "that Janet can condemn."

Janet's face flushed, and Uncle Ross said quickly:

"So am I, for if Janet can discriminate in fashions and condemn bad ones, it shows me that her heart's in the right place. This one in particular—it's a dreadful business."

"It ought to be put a stop to at once," said Mrs. Hinckley severely.

"Yes, indeed, but how to do it is the question," said Anna. "To go to work to tell people of a certain kind of nature that they shall and sha'n't do things is just the very way to make them want to do that very thing, and because something happens to be

in the fashion, it doesn't always prove that it's wicked, or wrong, or even unwise to adopt it."

"Very true," said Uncle Ross emphatically.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hinckley, "you practice as you preach, Anna. You follow all the fashions pretty closely, whatever they are."

"Yes," said Miss Anna calmly, "so I do; it seems to me a very foolish thing to set ourselves deliberately against the ways of our days and generation: it only makes us conspicuous and usually uncomfortable, and there's no use in making discomfort for ourselves; there's enough comes anyway."

Janet looked gratefully at her. But Miss Anna added:

"I've never worn a bird or any feathers on my hats or bonnets since I first realized what a dreadful thing it was to do it; but I'm only one insignificant woman, and I can't do any thing to prevent other women from doing as they please."

"One strong-minded woman to push, and one pretty fashionable woman to persuade, might do it though," said Uncle Ross, "couldn't they?"

"They might," said Miss Anna, "but the thing is to start the ball. Who'll do it?"

"Jan will when she gets to setting the fashions, won't you?" said Philip.

"I guess when I set the fashions," said Janet bitterly, "it'll be when people like the fashions they had in the ark."

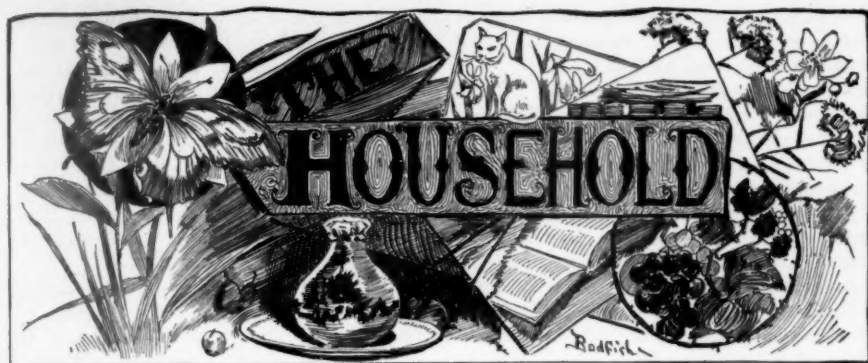
"Then don't wait for the fashion; begin now," said Uncle Ross.

"How?" asked Janet staring at him.

"That seems to be the puzzle all round," he said laughingly.

Then they talked of some other things, and after dinner they all separated and no more was said.





THE ART OF DINNER-GIVING.

BY JENNY JUNE.

DINNER-GIVING is one of the highest developments of the art of social life. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it is the form of social life capable of the finest and most varied treatment. For the fact cannot be ignored that certain meals have been called dinners, and friends have been invited to participate in them, before the present indispensable appurtenances to dinner-giving, and even dinner-eating, existed; and there are whole communities even now that gulp down something they call dinner between the heats of hard or active work, in from five to fifteen minutes, and die without ever having known the pleasure of actually dining.

There are few places in the world where the art of dining, of dinner-giving, has been brought to such perfection by a few as in America. England has enjoyed a monopoly of reputation in this direction, and our lessons have been obtained largely from mother-country sources. But we have here more of the natural elements for a magnificent kind of hospitality than exist even in England, and more adaptability and spirituality, so to speak, in their use; but the happiest, most fortuitous conjunction of conditions and circumstances is, of course, necessary to the attainment of the best results, and this conjunction is always rare.

The simplest dinner-giving was that of patriarchal times, when the wayfarer was invited to partake of the noon-day meal, and sent on his journey with a blessing.

The nearest equivalent to this is that hospitable custom in primitive American communities, particularly New England, of asking any one that happens to "drop in" at or near meal-time to "sit by." This is true dinner-giving so far as it goes; it is the instinct of fellowship, the willingness to share, and the recognition of the kinship of the human family.

In it are all the elements of the finest dinner-giving—sympathy, interchange, the giving to others of the best you have, of the food of your own soul as well as body, and receiving the outflow of currents of thought and good-will in return. Between this patriarchal hospitality, and the fine and deliberate expression of friendship and preference, which proceeds from modern occupants of serene heights in the realms of art and cultivated luxury, is a world of petty shifts and elaborate effort in dinner-giving, which reveal the meanness of human nature, without an atom of sincere loving-kindness or honest human sympathy to impart flavor or sweetness. For nothing else in the world does the poor and ambitious house-keeper use so much effort as the giving of a dinner; in nothing else in the world, in social ways, are tricks and pretenses so transparent, when an attempt is made to ape that which, with the resources of the giver, is impossible.

In cases of dinner-giving, ignorance is often bliss; what has not yet been revealed to the consciousness, the heart does not

grieve for, and the hostess that has done as well as any other she knows may very well congratulate herself and feel happy. It is the being obliged to do things, to give dinners for example, and know beforehand that the result will be humiliation instead of pleasure, that deprives the act itself of grace and enjoyment.

It is useless to say, do not give a dinner unless you can do it in the right way—of course, according to one's own consciousness of what is the right way. To obey such a rule would be to fail in the practice of social amenities, to neglect the exercise of good feeling, and leave great gaps between the lower and higher forms of social life with nothing to fill them up. If the wheat is not sown, the tares promptly spring up, showing that tares are considered better than nothing, and no one will deny that a poor dinner is better than none at all. Moreover, if people give of the best they have, they do the best that can be expected of them.

The only kind of dinner-giving that is altogether undesirable is that unwilling and perfunctory performance of what is felt to be a troublesome or disagreeable necessity. There are people who take every social duty, whatever they have to do for others, in this way: They by no means wish to be left out of the list of recipients of good things. But what they do is strictly in return; it is because they must. The debtor and creditor account is rigidly kept, and they do not give an *entrée* more than they get without recording the fact. There is no spontaneity in their hospitality, and they are anxious that the full cost of it shall be known to its recipients. They enlarge upon their personal troubles, and difficulties with servants, and ailments; they are careful to mention the scarcity and high price of the articles of which the *menu* is composed, and they manage long before the dinner is concluded to deprive it of all joy or enjoyment, the guests usually leaving with the feeling that they never want to take a dinner in that house again.

There are other dinner-givers who spoil their hospitality with their self-sufficiency and egotism. Whatever they have acquires in their eyes enormous value by being theirs. Their wines, their pictures, their viands, are different from and superior to those of

any other individual. They have peculiar modes of acquiring the best of every thing, ways that no one else has ever found out. Usually such persons are ignorant, and their assumption and vanity in regard to belongings (whose value to them is measured by cost, and what has been told them by a dealer) might sometimes be subject to rude shocks, were it not for the softening influence of a dinner, and the consideration and politeness of the really cultivated.

There is a certain amount of pleasure, however, in visiting at such a house, for usually the dinner is good, and there are objects that it is a pleasure to see. There is a certain beneficence in collecting beautiful things, and allowing other people the enjoyment of them. Possession brings care, cost, and responsibility, and all the real satisfaction that a man or woman obtains from the ownership of a beautiful work of art, or even a much finer house than their neighbor, is the being able to look at it till they are tired, and hardly want to see it again.

There are people who, without large means, have a genius for dinner-giving, which enables them to surpass those possessed of greater resources. I recall one such, a literary man and journalist, whose pride and belief in himself were extraordinary, and would have rendered him a disagreeable associate, had not his natural refinement, good breeding, and high, scholarly cultivation kept his personality in the background, so that it was never obtruded upon his friends. He, of course, was not a rich man, or he would not have been a working journalist, and he lived in a small house. But he had no children, his furnishing was simple and handsome, the books, one or two very good pictures, and a certain dignity in the *ensemble* harmonizing with the general character of his hospitality. His little dinners consisted of not more than six courses, sometimes less, prepared by his own cook, always a good one, served in French style, but with absolute quietness and order, no elaboration or frippery, and nothing to disturb the bright conversation or brilliant talk on the part of the host, which was the charm of the feast.

There were never more than six at table, including the wife of the master of the house, who gave all the directions, seemed to have the *menu* in charge, and treated the

hostess with the courtesy and politeness he would a guest, relieving her of all apparent responsibility. His wines were imported and bottled by himself; but excepting on rare occasions, he confined himself to claret and seltzer, with a little sherry for the soup, or a decanter of Madeira. But there came a time when the doctor ordered him to abandon wines, and gradually he abandoned his "little" dinners. He acquiesced in the wisdom that decreed abstinence, if he wished to preserve his own life and health, but he could not and would not give "cold water" dinners. He considered this "brutal," to use his own expression, and believes there is a fortune for any one that will "develop" a dinner liquid that will not intoxicate, yet give the requisite piquancy to solid food, and be accepted by the refined, dinner-giving world.

Exactly opposite in temperament was another dinner-giver, also a literary man, who loved to give dinners, and would have succeeded in giving very delightful ones, had they not been marred by the excessive nervousness of his own temperament. Unlike the host first mentioned, he evidently knows nothing of the details of his *menu* till they are put upon the table. His wife superintends every thing, and her placidity is in strong contrast to his anxious questioning and irritating comments. The important dish at these dinners is sometimes carved upon the table, and then the sensitiveness of the host reaches its climax. He frets, and fumes, and hacks, insisting that the fowl or the joint is unlike any other with which mortal man ever had to deal; while his wife sits quietly opposite, only occasionally saying, in her even tone: "Not that way, dear," or "You'll find it easier if you cut it this way."

This man is probably the victim of his traditions. He is not a good carver; but he may have seen his father do it, and considers it the proper thing for the head of the house. His household service is, perhaps, not up to the modern method of carving at the side-board, and handing the divisions to the guests. Possibly dread of the carving process may be the cause of the nervousness and irritation, for once this operation is over, and the table cleared for dessert, which his wife takes into her own hands, and he becomes the most delightful, the most genial,

as he is one of the most scholarly, of hosts.

"After" dinner is the time that every one enjoys at his house, and one would like to have it continue forever. As a matter of fact it often does last till "all" hours of the morning. Music, laughter, conversation take their place in the drawing-room with the coffee. Hours fly by unheeded, until about midnight the host, who has been "all himself" since the disappearance of the remnants of his *bete noir*, insists upon a return, and marshals the way to the dining-room, where fruits and confections are lit up with the radiance of amber and ruby glass, and flowers intoxicate with their color and fragrance.

The caterer is an important element in the modern art of dining and dinner-giving. He "saves all trouble." The difficulty is that every one knows it. He is a stereotyped quantity. You know just what he will serve, and how he will serve it, and you are only thankful if he sometimes leaves out croquettes. He rarely surprises you with a less hackneyed delicacy in their place. There are people who give a dinner once a week during the season, served by a caterer. After the first one you will not want another, because, like the German *table d'hôte*, they are all alike, and furnish no food for suggestion, reflection, or table-talk. Besides, people who depend on a caterer are usually destitute of that fine and diversified flavor in their individuality and surroundings, which is indispensable to the perfection of the modern dinner, and though the viands may not be stale, the whole will be pretty certain to be flat and unprofitable.

There are some notable places in New York where a good dinner can be had any time, and as fine a dinner ordered as can be procured elsewhere in the world. At Delmonico's you may choose the country in which you will dine any day in the week, and be transported thither by the aid of the *menu* and the dishes of which it is composed. Or you may order a dinner for a select number of friends at twenty-four hours' notice, and though every other room in the famous establishment is occupied with "suppers" and "breakfasts," your dinner will be as fine, as private, and as exquisitely served as in the most luxurious of homes. Wide apart as the poles is the atmosphere of Delmonico's

and Moretti's; yet, in some respects, they are very much alike. You cannot get a dinner all day at Moretti's, nor can you choose between a dinner *à la Russe*, *à la Parisienne*, *à la Turque*, and *à la l'Anglaise*, or good old Knickerbocker; but if you want a dinner excellent in qualities, admirably cooked, and so abundant that when the partridge or quail comes on you have no alternative but to leave it, unless you put it in your pocket, and all at the most moderate of prices, go to Moretti's. The proprietor is himself the cook, and the prince of cooks. Try his macaroni, his risotti, and life will seem to hold something worth living for.

The ordinary every-day laundrying of the establishment is not quite up to the standard of American ideas, our house-keepers having a fancy for a table-cloth, one in which the pressed creases show, whether there is any thing to put on it or not. At Moretti's the table-cloth is a secondary consideration; but the service is otherwise good, and perfection when the dinner is "to order" and the finer touches are put on.

Dinner-giving is unquestionably the highest form in which the art and luxury of our modern social life can be expressed. Others are more confused, yet less diversified, less capable of representing all the elements that enter into the best attainable dinner. It has taken ages to produce the palace in which the citizen now lives, and to which he invites his friends. Monarchs could not have commanded, half a century ago, his lightning bells, his noiseless service, his food brought from every quarter of the globe, from the ice-bound regions of the North to the heart of the Tropics. Seasons no longer exist or succeed each other; the dinner-giver commands all seasons and the products of all seasons: he can even turn night into day, and produce a counterpart to the radiant moon, with a little bottled electricity.

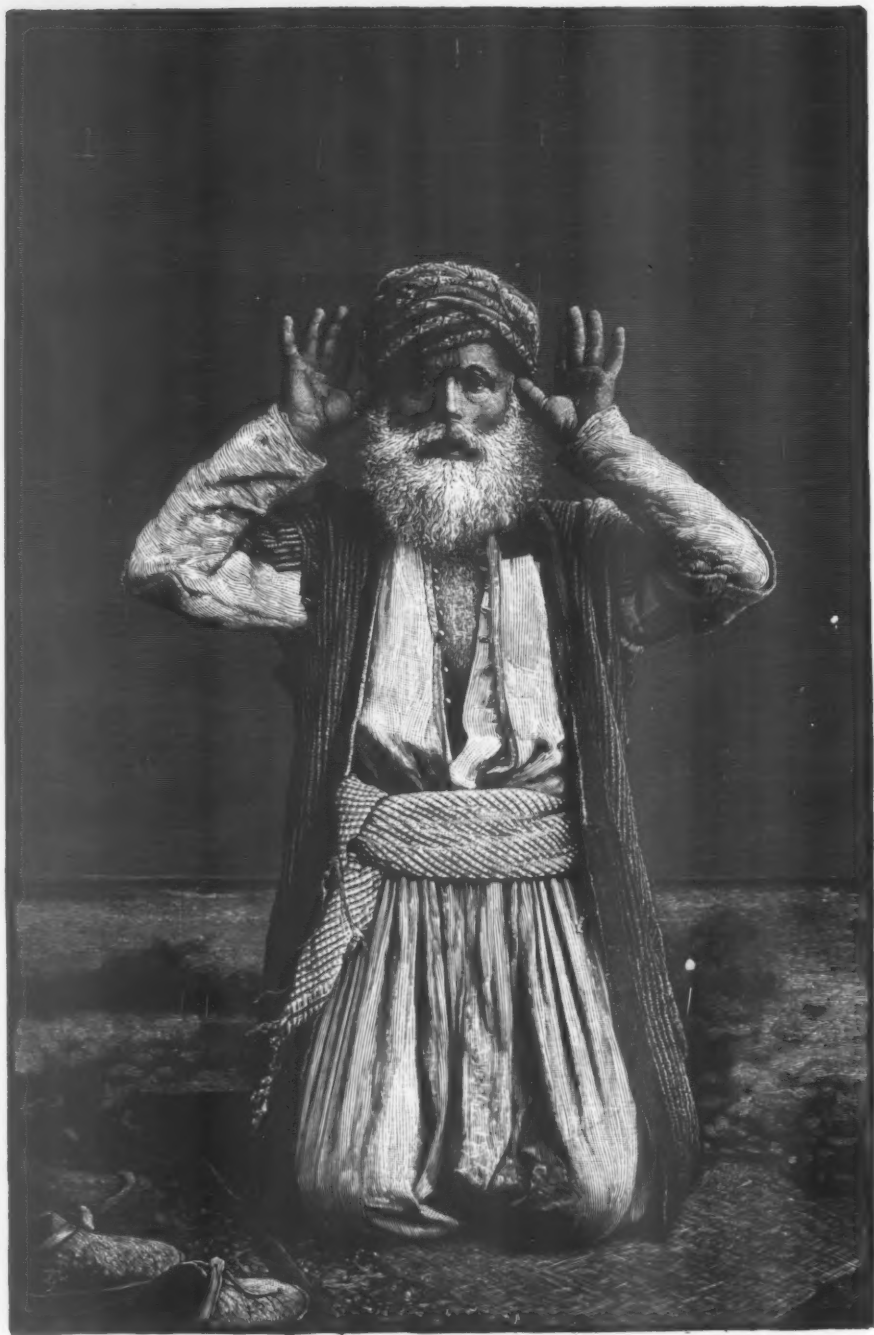
But even without the possession of a princely fortune and kingly luxuries, the happy dinner is the most charming form of hospitality. Latent and delightful qualities develop themselves under the influences, social and gastronomic, of a small, selected gathering of bright, representative persons, whose experience and cultivation render them companionable, whether they know

each other or not. The qualifications for a guest are as indispensable as those of a host at a dinner. He must have seen, and thought, and read, and acquired the art of expressing himself so as to be interesting to others. He must also be a good and a patient, if not an appreciative, listener, and sufficiently versed in polite social life to sink his own personality, and discuss general subjects from a broader standpoint than that of his own opinions and prejudices.

There are as yet fewer good hostesses than hosts, and fewer women who have acquired the reputation of being desirable guests for a dinner party than men. "Who shall I invite to meet you?" said a New York gentleman to a friend from abroad, to whom he wished to give a dinner. "I can ask so and so, and—" naming over several personages whose names and reputation were familiar. "Oh! never mind the men," said the visitor, "I know plenty of men. I would like to meet some of the ladies." "I know but one," was the reply, "who knows how to dine, and can be ready at short notice." "Invite that one," said the visitor. He did, and one other to "keep her company," and the dinner was one to be remembered.

A hostess should not ask what is the fashion in ornamenting her dinner table, but use her own taste, utilize the resources of the season, and try to suggest ideas to others rather than slavishly copy models. Whatever she does, the end of dinner-giving should be kept in view; that is, enjoyment from community of thought, congeniality of tastes, and good fellowship. No object, or style of furnishing, or decoration should be allowed to become an obstacle or barrier to the light of the eyes or the eloquence of the tongue. Tall dishes, baskets, bottles, or candelabra, which give splendor to a supper-table, at which people do not sit, are out of place at a dinner-table, where they break up the currents, impede the eyesight, and confuse the thoughts. Design in ornamentation, beautiful accessories, the diversified charm that suggests a cultivated taste, often furnish subjects for conversation or pleasant remark; but these things should be of a gentle, refined, not obtrusive order, and blend easily with the light, the color, and glow of a vital but kindly atmosphere.





A MOHAMMEDAN AT PRAYER.
(Life Beneath the Crescent, page 82.)